THE COMMONWEAL

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HOLLYWOOD PROMISES

WHATEVER the new code of movie morals amounts to, it is not a document which should materially affect the present character of the feature films. It is rather a definition, and a simple one, of what the movies, excluding educational and news reels, have stood for in the past and what they continue to stand for. It is a denial of nothing which the movies require for success, and it forbids nothing which the industry has not long ago learned to do without. And in some cases it is a prohibition of things which the movies have never attempted.

"The use of the flag shall be consistently respectful."

It is as though we should say "The Commonweal will not publish an article defending the narcotic trade next week," or as though the White House should announce "President Hoover will not rob a bank at five o'clock tomorrow afternoon."

If the Hays program has not had an enthusiastic welcome it is because those who see and fear the enormous ability of the movies to fix the public estimates of what makes for happiness and what constitutes "success" know very well that it is not Mr. Hays's job to lessen that influence but to strengthen it. It is their contention that any code which restricted the movies as Mr. Hays's code pretends to restrict them would ruin the industry. No other code could prevent them from being what they are, the opiate of the occidental world, offering grotesque dreams in which all standards of conduct and of thinking go by the board.

From one point of view, a very special one it must be admitted, a good word ought to be said for Mr. Hays. He is the representative of an important industry; he is doing his best to promote its interests, and that promotion can be measured only in profits. His ability is reflected in the development of the movie business, or else the producers are bigger fools than we think them for continuing to pay him a salary which, believe it or not, is larger than the sum Mr. Babe Ruth will receive for hitting sixty home runs this year. The supposition is that he must be a good man for the job.

And so when he dictates a code of good behavior for the movies, it is certain that he has had at least one eye upon the less proverbial rewards of virtue. For some time the Hays organization has been under pressure, and this code may be taken as the result. It is his answer to the adverse criticism which, if unanswered, might eventually affect the movie pocketbook. Particularly it is his answer to the Churchman,

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which has been mean enough to say, in substance, that the purpose of the Hays organization is to promote a nominal alliance with the church to camouflage an actual alliance with the devil. It is evidence to substantiate the general conception of Mr. Hays as the grand policeman of the films.

But since the moral reform is not designed to injure the movies financially, what happens to the widely accepted idea that vulgarity and box receipts go hand in hand? For nothing could be more refined than the Hays program, the various items of which may be grouped under a few main provisions:

1. That crimes against law shall never be presented in such a way as to throw sympathy with the crimes as against law and justice.
2. Scenes of passion shall not be introduced when not essential to the plot.
3. Good taste must regulate the treatment of unpleasant subjects.
4. Obscenity in word, gesture, reference, song, joke or by suggestion is forbidden.
5. Pointed profanity is forbidden.

How rigorously does this bear out Mr. Hays's statement that the code is "an act of self-government and voluntary self-discipline within the industry"? If there is anything in it which indicates that the movies are about to undergo a change we fail to see it. Who will decide what is sympathetic, essential, and unpleasant? Hollywood, of course. And it is Hollywood's standard of good taste that is to govern the industry, hereafter as heretofore. There is not a limiting word in the code which does not admit of more than one interpretation, and the interpretation accepted by the industry will hardly be that one which allows the least latitude. If any movie being exhibited in a public theatre today were to be tested according to the Hays code it would receive its certificate of innocence. Be sure of that.

WEEK BY WEEK

ABOUT the only encouragement to a man out of a job these days is that summer is not far away, and if he can hang to life for another month he may find it less miserable later on. No one pretends that the customary seasonal pick-up will be sufficient to take care of the three to six millions who are now without employment. But if, with the help of special construction programs which many cities and states are now undertaking, unemployment can be reduced by half or more, we may be able to stagger out of a very ugly situation, and the country will be satisfied that things are not too terribly out of order. If not this is bound to be a most unpleasant summer, and one is almost afraid to think of the consequences. It has been years since the United States has uneasily anticipated so critical a period as the next month or six weeks. The long view toward the future is more assuring. Senator Wagner's unemployment bills have been favorably reported to the Senate Commerce Committee, and it is as certain as anything can be in Washington that their passage, so long delayed, will come very soon. Briefly they propose a system of national and state bureaus to provide continuous statistics on unemployment, and machinery to stabilize employment by watching for periods of depression and timing the construction of public works accordingly. If similar bills had been passed a few years ago we should not now be in such a quandary, nor so dependent upon a change of weather to get us out of it.

Help for the Jobless

THE recent hearing before the House Judiciary Committee left a confusion in millions of minds as to whether big business approves of prohibition or not. One great industrial name clashed against another with the impact and inconclusiveness of the irresistible force meeting the immovable body. An amusing and mischievously documented article in the current Harper's Magazine, Booze and Business, by Jesse Rainsford Sprague, reconciles the points of view of pro- and anti-magnates, and retains, as it were, the best features of both. Big business, he says, both is and is not for prohibition. Being, first of all, for itself, it is forced to recognize two things: "Partial prohibition is beneficial to it. Entire prohibition is not." The matter does not depend upon this or that corporation president, who may be in favor of law enforcement. It depends upon business conventions, district managers remote from headquarters, far-flung star salesmen: these depend on good mixing, conviviality, pleasing the customer more than the opposition pleases him; and *this* depends to a greater and greater extent upon liquor. With the genuine article scarce, and its price up, "the large corporation can afford to spend the necessary money to entertain its customers, when such entertainment would be beyond the means of its smaller competitor." Nor has Mr. Sprague who, as a writer on business subjects, is widely in touch with business personages) found an inordinate number among even bone-dry corporation presidents who oppose the practice. It is, he says, a heart-felt and all but universal conviction "that prohibition must not be allowed to interfere with trade."

"Booze and Business"

THE observations with which he supports this sweeping statement have a very convincing range. While taking testimony from the wet and metropolitan areas, they are not confined to them. One exhibit, for instance, is a Pennsylvania town of 4,000, built about a factory, where an open bar lures customers from competing factories near by, while the police and the town's dry dignitaries resolutely look the other way. Another is a city in Montana where the prohibitionist president of a large department store has been forced to open a free bar to keep "his most profitable cattlemen and ranch-owning customers" from straying to rivals with

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a better understanding of the needs of heads of families whose women-folk are shopping. To date, adds Mr. Sprague, no one has complained to Senator Walsh about it. Boise, Senator Borah's home city, is also celebrated for a recent wide-open business convention. "Apparently the only persons in Boise who knew nothing about it were Senator Borah and the local chief of police." One of Ours, an up-state potentate, toasts local prosperity in the native applejack that is promoting it, and passes solemnly to politics: "Jimmy Wadsworth needed to be taught that no man can be against prohibition and get the votes of the God-fearing people of New York state!" And so Mr. Sprague goes on piling up instances collected at random from the whole country. Their only difference is that some are even more entertaining than others. All illustrate a boundless devotion to the Eighteenth Amendment unless and except as it interferes with trade. A phenomenon as complete and as massively integrated as this cannot be called just hypocrisy. Some other name must be found for it. If Mr. Sprague is even approximately right, the country is not pretending. It is actually thinking double. What it needs, as a whole, is a medical instead of a moral diagnosis.

IF THE present rate of progress continues, we shall eventually be in a position to know something about crime. Statistics are being compiled and feasible deductions arrived at. One notable example is the investigation, by the United States Children's Bureau, of juvenile crime in Chicago. This shows that "less than 12 percent of the total arrests for males in any year are arrests of boys sixteen to twenty years of age." Study revealed few "hardened criminals" among the youngsters brought to trial. Even more worthy of note is the steady decrease in the number of offenses. While the list of mature offenders grew longer and longer during the eleven years for which figures are available, the array of youths hailed into the Chicago boys' court dwindled from 7,500 in 1915 to 5,409 in 1925. The rate per 10,000 inhabitants has declined similarly. These data must not be taken to indicate any great variety of things, but they do point to a few interesting conclusions. The first is the effectiveness of boy guidance and the value of religious education. Both have been extended greatly during the period under consideration, and lack of them at the time when the older generation was maturing may be responsible for some of our crime wave. The second conclusion is that a series of circumstances more or less coincident with the war must have led to increase of adult crime. What these circumstances were nobody can, at present, divine with dependable accuracy.

Youth Improves

IT IS well in this connection to note that the International Association of Chiefs of Police has prepared a manual on Uniform Crime Reporting which, though intended primarily for the police should influence a lot of glib current talk about criminology. The method outlined seems eminently helpful and reliable. A brief foreword declares: "Criminal justice administrators and others engaged in the prevention and suppression of crime have for many years expressed regret upon the absence of reliable information concerning crime and criminals. The present treatise therefore avoids extensive discussion of this phase of the subject and turns instead to the task of setting forth the means by which the essential facts can be obtained." If one may judge by the book, this task is not easy. There are reasons —lack of equipment, reluctance to "give the town a black eye," inability to fix upon unfirm crime definitions —why advance has been slow. But the book itself is a presage of betterment and, in its modest way, a cause for sociological rejoicing.

IT IS strange that the census taker, who counts heads, goes from door to door in the name of the government, and appears only once in ten or twenty years should not occupy a more salient place among us. He ought to be a more exciting figure than the soldier or the airplane pilot, being more novel than the one, coming of a tradition older than the other. Fortunately the details of his work do not permit him to dramatize himself. The questions which he asks of Jones are the same as those he asks of Smith; there is nothing to break the rhythm of his work; he is bored, and pays only a mechanical attention to the answer within which, so brief and so objective, lie the omens of changes too profound to be taken by our feeble imaginations. Were it otherwise, the census taker would tremble at thought of the terrible will for knowledge which drives him out upon this errand, and to which he must make account; how that shadow would overcast his mind as he goes through the streets. We should all be unhappy at census time, in sympathy for him; the graph of melancholy (the American temperament is now discovered as melancholic, probably the result of our desire for perfection) would show a jagged peak. As it is the twenty-four questions which the census taker invites us all to answer give him no uneasiness. They do not lead him to an awareness of his ultimate responsibilities, nor us to the consequences of error multiplied. We can look at one another without emotion: one is an official badge, the other is a street address, neither for the time are anything human, and that is well.

The Census Taker

WHO decides what is to be published? There are hundreds of disconsolate authors who would like to know and who have already reached advance unfavorable verdicts. The publishers' reader—most secretive, most helpful or awe-inspiring, often most self-effacing, of men—is the subject of a paper written for the current Publishers' Weekly by Frank Swinnerton. It is to be hoped that what he

Book Detectives

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says will be drawn to the attention of countless fledgling writers in all parts of the country. Too frequently this essential part of the literary mechanism is either ignored or scorned. "Some members of the general public, having read a book, are ready to assert that they would have advised publication of it," says Mr. Swinnerton. "In all probability they would have done no such thing. They have read it as a success; but the publishers' reader has read it as one manuscript in a pile of manuscripts. A very different thing. He has backed, not a certified winner, but his own judgment. How does he do this? By guesswork? I say, by his unique variety of genius." That is a compliment which an editor might well long to transfer to himself. After all, he reads manuscripts, too, by the hundreds. He likes to have them come that way. When they do it gives him much greater opportunity for a really discriminating choice and, incidentally, the chance for a more varied and appetizing menu.

BUT, in all sober truth, the editor is not really like a publishers' reader. Unless he be one of those fortunate creatures who can bid for names with the help of an unrestricted checking-account, he must first set the table as he thinks best and then offer such fare as he can scrape together and the gods will provide. In other words, he must find first of all a formula, and, secondly, a balanced ration. Though he is interested in quality products as a matter of course, he knows that the essential thing is to induce his guests to eat and to declare him a satisfactory host. Thus there is a kind of routine which he must pace out to the end, not in the manner of a genius but very like a waiter, studying the expression on the feasting faces and incidentally keeping an anxious eye on the kitchen. Who can doubt that, inside the Catholic domain, the task is particularly hard and humble? Catholics who read are not so many in number, at best. Nor is even this number distinctly uniform in taste or judgment. Any formula arrived at is, therefore, certain to be limited in its appeal. The result is often, for the best of us, discouraging in the sense that people one had hoped to please with something refuse to like either the company or the fare. Discouragement is said, however, to be salutary in so far as it makes one work harder and swallow lozenges of borrowed cheerfulness. We think personally that editors in the Catholic domain can be compared for industry only with the ant and for swallowing with Coué or Pollyanna.

America's Oldest Book

MANY newspapers have commented on the Codex Saville, recently acquired by the Heye Foundation of New York City and thought to be America's oldest book. It forms the topic of an interesting paper contributed by the Reverend Mariano Cuevas, S.J., to the latest volume of Catholic Historical Records and Studies. We read that this "five-century-old" document is a transcript made "directly from contemporary life by eye-witness historians." Though every detail of information it supplies has been found elsewhere by investigators, the Codex will aid in settling disputes about the dates of Mexican rulers prior to 1468 and other matters. Father Cuevas, stating that "at first glance, any expert archaeologist would refer the pre-Cortesian part of the Codex to the middle of the fifteenth century," adds his reasons for concurring in this view. Thereby, it would seem, we have got back farther into the era of American origins than ever before. Naturally those origins, like the whole early history of the race, remain a mystery. Nothing is easier to dogmatize about, and nothing is more difficult to know, than the processes of the slow advancement of humanity toward consciously chronicled civilization.

The Market Picks Up

WITH commodity prices at their lowest average in many years, production falling off and the whole business situation at present in sad contrast to a year ago, the stock market continues to confound early spring predictions of reaction, and in a week which developed the heaviest volume of bearish activity for the current year, even managed to strike a new high average. The accepted explanation is that when low money rates and the expectation of continued low money rates are in conjunction with anticipation of better times for business, stock prices ought logically to rise whatever current business conditions might be. Many observers are encouraged to believe that the public will soon return to the market in strength, so that whatever the summer may bring to the farmer and the unemployed city man, it will be a profitable one for Wall Street. They may be wrong (who would say that they are ever right?) yet it is not unlikely that if the public is not already strongly in this market (and a fall in bank deposits may indicate that it is) the spectacle of advancing prices and the temptation to gamble with money which costs only 4 percent may soon make it forget all the resolutions which it so darkly swore about six months ago. If prices continue to advance for a few weeks, and corporation reports for the spring quarter show anything better than expected, the lid will probably be off, and half the nation will again be hanging asthmatically above the ticker tape. And then—history is history.

Camille Pissaro

AN ERA which has revived the regional novel ought to be introduced as well to the almost forgotten maxims of the Abbé Roux. This French priest, whose life was spent among peasants, is certainly one of the most incisive, if sometimes the least roseate, of observant minds. He saw that man absorbs quite as much cruelty and hardness as poetry from nature. That the public still prefers, however, to think of rusticity in terms of Arcady is evident and demonstrable from the history of art. Millet keeps

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his vogue, sentimental though his canvases not infrequently are. The astringent realism of Courbet is familiar only to comparatively few. This year the French are observing the centenary of a great painter, also long neglected excepting by amateurs, who found the middle ground—the most substantial and dependable of all—between poetry and hard fact. Camille Pissaro, born a hundred years ago, was one of the chief creators of the impressionistic manner, the impetus to which he and other French artists derived from a trip to England and a study of Constable. Throughout life Pissaro was something like a rural patriarch, living with his large family in small villages in which he watched the scenes of man and nature with a discerning eye. His best canvases reflect the genial nobleness of his personality, which could clarify reality and (to borrow a phrase from finance) liquidate its frozen assets. It is strange that an art which now seems inexpressibly fine should have been so little appreciated during many years that the master lived in poverty and subject to the contempt of his more successful—if now almost completely forgotten—rivals. After all, the existence of such a thing as the verdict of posterity is not to be denied.

Jesse and David

UNLESS Dr. Jesse Holmes, the representative of Quakerism at Columbia University's recent symposium on religion, was misquoted in the press, he represented Quakerism with a very curious suggestion indeed. "Most religion nowadays," runs his speech, "... is derived from the experience of somebody else. . . . 'The Lord is my Shepherd' tells us practically nothing about God. It is a sentimental phrase vaguely suggesting sheep. And what can that possibly mean to us of the city and the twentieth century?" He rewords the idea more intelligibly: "The Lord is my automobile's low gear to help me in climbing hard hills"; "The Lord is my antiseptic in times of dangerous epidemics"; "The Lord is my dynamo to charge my run-down batteries"; "The Lord is sunlight in my room bringing me the health of ultra-violet rays." The idea of filling in the enormous void of modern religion by rewriting the Twenty-third Psalm has its charms, but we suggest, nevertheless, that that great pastoral exultation be left intact. There are Christians here and there who still know what a sheep is, and can even understand the ministrations of a shepherd; there are lovers of poetry who feel that not even modern religious leaders have a title to rewrite the classics. But there is a yet more fundamental objection. If Dr. Holmes really wishes to understand the religious potency of the Twenty-third Psalm, let him read it again. It deals, as he does not seem to have noticed, with the relation of two identities, One the conscious Lover and Cherisher, the other the consciously loved and cherished. When he has found this same relation in the new fields which he indicates, we give him leave to rewrite the Psalm.

PEACE IN INSTALMENTS

A WISE soldier will look to his hardtack rather than to his cartridges. Shall one say that a lover of peace ought to emulate that example? Witness the London conference—assembly of delegates yearning to do something, doomed for weeks to the doldrums, and now suddenly beaming with reinvigorated hope. We cannot, at the moment this is being written, determine whether France and Great Britain will decide upon a new interpretation of Article XVI, or whether the Japanese doctrine on tonnages will earn the approval of Washington. But there are a few things which have become increasingly clear since the conference has been in session. Six months ago the assumption that statesmen could risk using a seven-league boot in their journey toward pacific internationalism seemed reasonable. Today it appears to be chimerical. The axiom quoted above seems, however, to have grown more and more acceptable.

In the final analysis, what matters is not the number of extant guns but the motives actuating those who possess them. Recently various journals have been full of discussion of the "strategy" derived by the Bolshevist thinker, A. Swetchine, from, it is said, German sources. According to this doctrine, vast armed forces are no longer essential to victory. What matters is to utilize social and economic strength in attacking vulnerable spots in the enemy organism. This new military dispensation may or may not be sound; but, quite apart from all deductions from current Russian practice, it calls our attention to the fact that a people has by no means been armed when it has been supplied with seventy-fives and tear bombs. Nor has it been robbed of protection when it has been left without a musket. The sovereignty of Switzerland is perfectly safe. The sovereignty of France is not.

Why? For the simple reason that France is trying to maintain a status quo arrived at as a result of colonial expansion and military victory. On the one hand, it controls a large portion of Mediterranean Africa, and on the other hand it is getting reparations which bear heavily on the German taxpayer. Italy is dissatisfied with this status quo because it wants room to expand. The Reich is irritated because it finds the future hemmed in with constant economic restrictions. Realizing all this full well, French statesmen have, during the past years, advocated one of two policies. Spokesmen for the extreme Right desire the maintenance of a strong military; advocate constant scrutiny of German politics and business; and, sometimes, publicly regret the failure of their "divisionist program" in the Reich. M. Briand and his followers, on the other hand, seek to perpetuate the existing arrangement of Europe through a system of "pledges" designed to render war impossible. In either case eventual success depends upon the extent to which other world powers see eye to eye with the French. If, therefore, M. Briand could get the British to agree to frown upon any mar-

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tial attack upon French territorial integrity, he could bottle up, for a long while at least, Italian ambition to change the destiny of the Mediterranean.

For the same reasons, ratification of the Young plan must be termed a great Briand victory. Though bitterly resented by reactionary conservatives, the signatures appended to this document are worth more than a modest sum to France. The Germans could not hope to pay unless the stability of their currency was guaranteed; the United States, sole power able to guarantee them, had to insist upon the irrational aspects of the Versailles settlement; and, therefore, the agreement now in force represents the extent to which the United States is content to endorse the French and other reparations claims. Thus one aspect of French security has virtually been pledged by the whole world, and Germany could not ignore its obligations without bringing its whole economic house down upon its head.

In all probability the only way to get anywhere with naval armament is to adopt the same fundamental principle. The key to the number of ships a nation can dismantle is international ability, exercised through the League of Nations and treaty obligations, to reach a concurrent verdict regarding a given dispute. There is nothing which can create this ability excepting public opinion, and public opinion, though in the main pacific, is constantly swayed by economic happenings. The law of nations can treat of rights, of precedents, of existing political treaties. It cannot, however, presume to fix the limits within which a nation's business and financial ambitions must be content to reside. British imperialism, for instance, is something which a hundred Leagues of Nations could not hope to regulate. And while the policy of the United States justifiably excludes oriental immigration, it nevertheless remains a possible cause of war. One must hope, therefore, for a closer and more alert study of world economics, in the spirit of seeking adjustment between conflicting realities. This was the burden of Mr. Owen D. Young's recent California address, and it also dictated the excellent (at least we continue to think it excellent) statement by Mr. Hoover regarding hunger blockades.

It is interesting to note the drift from international sentiment to thoughtful consideration of international economics in recent literature. Such a book as Merle Eugene Curti's American Peace Crusade: 1815-1860, provides one with readable lore about the development of hostility to war in this country. We see that while such organizations as the Massachusetts Peace Society attained to impressive membership and influence, they stressed "moral and philanthropic" arguments and only gradually conceded the importance of economics. In the second place, these advocates of peace were always debating the legitimacy of any war—a question which is again to be answered only after one has reckoned with humdrum business facts. So long as the human race had not reached an ideal solution of the quandary of property ownership and distribution belligerent eruptions seem unavoidable.

In describing The Growth of International Thought (an excellent little book which almost everybody should read) F. Melian Stawell arrives at this pertinent conclusion: "The cry connected with the Socialism of Karl Marx, 'Workers of the world, unite!' may prove in the end to be a cry announcing a new and wiser order, At present it is used too often as a bugle call to announce a change from national war to class war, a change that would only leave things 'more the same' than ever. None the less it is of extraordinary value as forcing on the attention of the man in the street how clearly connected his main interests are with those of workmen across the frontier. And, from another angle, we can notice that the development of 'big business' may cut across frontiers to the lasting benefit of us all. It is becoming plainer and plainer that the valuable economies of production on a large scale can only be made effective when the scale is really large." Mr. Stawell, is not, of course, naive enough to suppose that "economic interests" will keep people good and peaceful. But he sees that these are the things which virtue and reason must strive to control in so far as that is possible.

To them Mr. Paul M. Mazur, whose America Looks Abroad incorporates genuine banking experience, has devoted considerable time and thought. He is engrossed with the significance of international trade for the post-war world, and with the increasingly evident rivalry between Europe and America. The problems involved strike him as difficult but surmountable, if only the race will exercise intelligence. Nothing seems to him more necessary than to strike a balance between America's creditor status and the increase in imports demanded as a consequence. One may disagree with his point of view or doubt the value of his recommendations just as one may disagree to some extent with Lucien Romier or Eugen Diesel. But the public which reads such books as his is almost sure to learn that the international issue hinges less upon oratory and more upon financial and economic realities.

It may well be that the true rôle of idealism in modern society is less a matter of being a herald of universal peace than of being an advocate of social justice. Christian ethic is certainly not committed to a wholesale outlawry of war on the ground that war is intrinsically evil. But it is committed to the side of justice and of a fraternity which is more than fraternizing. To transpose its teaching to the practical realm of international trade may be difficult but cannot be neglected. What is the moral status of nationalism interpreted as the right to advance one's own country at the expense of others? What can be said of the ethics of the tariff as now used to erect insurmountable barriers between one land and another? It seems that answers to these queries are within the reach of reason. To some extent they have, indeed, already been found. What remains is to learn and abide by them despite the constitutional illnesses of the world.

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Places and Persons

NICHOLAS FREDERIC BRADY: R. I. P.

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

CARDINAL HAYES, standing at the open door of the sanctuary of the Church of Saint Ignatius Loyola, surrounded by many bishops, prelates and priests, traced the last sign of the cross above the bier on which rested the body of Nicholas Frederic Brady—duke of the Vatican state, and member of the Ordine Supreme del Christo, papal position of honor held only by one other man, the king of Italy; also a multimillionaire, and one of the first five or six most influential financiers of America; dead at the age of fifty-one. The Preface for the Mass for the Dead contains the most explicit promises of the Church as to the everlasting life which can be realized, in part, even in this passing life of ours. For it says:

"Unto Thy faithful, O Lord, Life is changed, not taken away, and the abode of this earthly sojourn being dissolved, an eternal dwelling is prepared." So with sad confidence the Cardinal said: "May his soul and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace." Then the choir sang the concluding words of the funeral service. The bearers of the dead slowly paced toward the street. The family followed. The congregation stood with bowed heads. Many of them were men who are among the best-known leaders of Church and state and bench and bar and of high finance. Many others were lowlier folk; but among them were those who perhaps had better reasons to bow their heads and say their prayers than those who occupied the seats of the mighty. The last gust of incense faded pungently. The tall yellow tapers flickered above the empty bier, and upon the black-hung altar. And the final words of the liturgy—the divine action of the Church—chanted in those Gregorian tones which issue from the unknown depths of time and of religious emotion, were as follows: "Mayest thou have eternal rest with Lazarus, who was poor."

The same words are sung or said above the coffin of all who are given Catholic burial. For the Church knows that Lazarus, who once was poor, is now wealthy with that wealth which does not lessen or pass away, and that he eternally rests in that peace and life which cannot be disturbed or ended. So at such moments she breathes forth plaintively yet hopefully the same aspiration over the body of a multimillionaire as over the bones of a pauper. Lazarus, she knows to be safe, to be happy, to be confirmed in life eternal. As for the rest of her children—well, she hopes, she labors, and she prays. She would do so no doubt even over the body of Dives, damned because he ignored Lazarus in the dust before the door of his palace.

But Nicholas Frederic Brady did not wait for death to remember Lazarus. His was the stewardship, not the absolute ownership, of wealth. This stewardship had been placed in his hands in his youth: a heavy weight, a greater responsibility than wealth itself—for if it be harder for the rich man to enter the kingdom of God than for the camel to pass through the eye of the needle, surely it is so because in life so many of the rich do not think of Lazarus: or if they do, they merely send, now and then, after a sufficient number of form letters or telephone calls have exerted the high pressure salesmanship of professional philanthropy, a check to some form of "organized charity, scrimped and iced, in the name of a cautious, statistical Christ."

But Nicholas Brady knew, as all reasonable people know, that organized charity does not always deserve the blistering blame of John Boyle O'Reilly: that many forms of it are useful and good and necessary: so he sent his checks. But he gave also of his own time, his own energy, his own heart and soul to the widows and the orphans, to the crippled and the sick, to the down and out, to the man whose labor is his only wealth. He did not shrink from Lazarus: he remembered that Fatherhood of God in which Lazarus and Dives are brothers, however often this or that Dives may lamentably forget the everlasting fact.

I cannot claim that I knew Mr. Brady well. In seven years I met him only a few times. But those times were vital moments in which revelations of character were made. I remember him so well on the occasion I myself first knocked at his door to beg. I was not precisely a Lazarus; but yet I was a beggar, asking for alms to start this journal, asking any and all who I thought might help to do so. Catholic things are always begun that way: in and through charity; for when charity does not act as midwife and nurse to a Catholic thing, soon it will die, even if it has been born with a silver or golden spoon in its mouth. And at that time there was nothing to show, there was no journal, there was no Calvert Associates, there was only a dream: there was merely an idea, not to say an ideal, to be sketched in words; something intangible that might become something tangible in the future, but which could not be recognized by many at that time as anything other than "one more Catholic paper—and we already have too many Catholic papers!"

Among the little group of writers and college professors who were keeping the dream alive, at that time, there were many discussions about rich men. For we poor men needed the rich men to put power into the dynamo of our dream: for wealth is power: for evil or for good. And when so many rich men refused to

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recognize the Lazarus-dream begging at their doors, we would keep our spirits going with a song, of which I give an expurgated version:

> With a thorny and blistering switch,
> We desire to pummel the rich—
> But it is not the fashion,
> So alas we can't cash-in—
> Anyhow, may they all get the itch!

But Nicholas Brady paid the piper, and changed the tune. He did not call the tune: never did he interfere with our editorial policy—never, indeed, did any of the rich men who one by one came in time to believe in our dream, and applied the power that was theirs to the movement that was ours. Although I was almost totally unknown to him, he received me, and gave me of his time. Austere, reserved, quiet, with keen, rather ironical eyes, he listened, rarely speaking. When he did speak, it was to ask questions which pierced to the very vitals of the subject. Then he spoke again, to give us his support, the use of his name, a generous gift of his money. And his name: the name of one who unquestionably was the most influential Catholic layman of our country, made a tremendous difference. It would not be true to say that it made all the difference because there were other men of power who joined the group who launched the Catholic lay movement of which this journal is the organ, without whom it could not have started, nor continued. But when we were able to say, "Mr. Brady is with us," how much easier it was to reach and move others! And justly so. Men like Nicholas Brady build up character as well as riches. Americans—as that keen and somewhat caustic observer of American life, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, has truthfully pointed out—are freer than most peoples from the mere idolatry of wealth. They seek wealth, yes, and often inordinately; but rich men who do not use at least some of their money for the common weal (obviously I do not speak now of this journal!) do not win public respect.

The next time I saw and talked with Nicholas Brady was in Chicago during the Eucharistic Congress. I lunched with him, and of many topics discussed I recall most vividly one, in which I was out of my depth: the theme of art. Here was a rich man who like other rich Americans bought things from artists: but unlike so many of these rich men he understood the values, he appreciated the technical elements of creative art. If he chose rose marble as the material out of which a sculptor was to carve a statue of Saint Teresa of Lisieux to be given to the Pope, it was not the mere gesture of a rich man to whom rose marble or porphyry was purchasable as clay; he was doing a beautiful thing in appropriate material, for is not Saint Teresa the "Little Flower?" is not her favorite flower the rose? and is not her own character firmer and more perdurable even than the most solid and lasting marble?

Later that day, I saw Mr. Brady again. Garbed in the historic costume of his papal rank, in company with an admiral of the United States Navy, and a general of the United States Army, and a Mandarin of China, he was bearing the canopy above the blessed Sacrament in the marvelous procession at Mundelein when cardinals and scores of bishops and thousands of priests and representatives of all the Catholic societies and orders, clerical and lay, marched through a frightful tempest of thunder and lightning and drenching rain: marched without a break in the ranks, without faltering, without confusion, like the great army of the Church militant marching down the ages amid all the storms that have ever crashed about and against it. Mr. Brady, as I have said, was a quiet man. But he marched with a smile, calm and self-possessed: doing his duty then as he always did his duty by his immense and far-flung industrial and financial responsibilities: by his great but little-known charities, and his unostentatious and important services to his secular alma mater, Yale, and to his spiritual mother, the Catholic Church.

Once again did I encounter Mr. Brady, and realized one more phase of his character, before I stood among the throng in Saint Ignatius and heard the choir chant: "Mayest thou have eternal rest with Lazarus, who was a poor man." On this third occasion, without taking any, even the slightest advantage of his benefactions to The Commonweal, or seeking to mold or dominate its editorial policy, he found himself in disagreeement with a particular phase of its work. He admitted that the intention that informed this particular activity was meant to be for the good of the nation and of the Church, but his judgment was that the intention was being badly served, perhaps frustrated, by the action based upon it. So without fuss, quietly and firmly as he did everything, he disassociated himself from this phase of our work: he withdrew his support from it. Not, indeed, from all our work, but from that part of our work which he could not approve. It was one of those actions which command respect; it was judgment in action, justice and rectitude expressing themselves.

It was, as were all his actions which I at least had opportunities to observe, the natural action of a natural aristocrat, a member of that one and only true-born aristocracy which always has and always will —in all societies not utterly corrupt or disordered— set the pace of life and strike its best and highest human note.

We of this paper have said enough, I think—perhaps, in our zeal, at times too much, because inopportunely—concerning the really awful responsibility of rich men, particularly Catholic rich men, toward the mass of society, toward those from whose labors proceed so much of the wealth amassed by the capable, or sometimes the merely fortunate men (and, alas, at times, the unscrupulous self-seekers) who dominate society today. Nicholas Frederic Brady tended toward that ideal of a Catholic man of great wealth and vast power which if or when achieved would do so much to realize the economic and sociological teachings of

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the Church, as proclaimed in modern times (but not as anything new: simply as a reaffirmation of age-old principles) by Leo XIII and his successors. Communists and Socialists, of course, would not, for they could not, recognize the fact—yet fact nevertheless it was—that Mr. Brady was a true friend of organized labor, as well as of the unorganized individual working-man ground in the mill of economic hardship. For a quarter of a century, from the time when as a young man he shouldered the heavy weight of his father's vast estate, he steadily kept in mind, and according to his best lights consistently worked for, the best interests of labor as well as capital.

Of his private life, his religious devotion, his capacity for standing the test of manhood, which is fidelity to friends, it is not for me to speak. I write only of what I know: of what I see and hear and think as I pass through this adventurous, this thrilling human life of ours. But I have heard many stories of that inner life—but I leave them as Mr. Brady would wish to leave them, unrecorded, save in the hearts of those who have the right to know of them. I can only repeat, I trust with sincerity, the words of the prayer chanted by the choir as the coffin on which rested the cross was borne away: "Mayest thou have eternal rest with Lazarus, who was poor."

THE KINGDOM OF GOD IN PARAGUAY: II*

By RENE FULOP-MILLER

WITH the same skill and mildness with which the Jesuits made use of the good qualities of the savages in the service of civilization, did they strive to overcome their weaknesses and deficiencies. They soon recognized that, while the Indians possessed great aptitude for music and for work requiring manual dexterity, and learned to read and write fairly readily, they could by no possible means be taught to reckon; the majority of them had no head for figures. With much effort, and by making use of their fingers and toes, they were able to count up to twenty but could go no farther.

This defect also rendered them totally incapable of any kind of "domestic economy" or of "taking thought for the future," and as, moreover, they were possessed of an insatiable appetite, it was all the more difficult to persuade them to make a reasonable distribution of their foodstuffs. In the early days, if the fathers gave the head of a household a cow which would provide three days' food for himself and his family, the Indian would usually devour the animal in a single meal, and would then come back the next day complaining to the missionaries that he was tortured by hunger. More than once it even happened that the natives slaughtered and devoured in the open fields the oxen which had been given to them for their ploughing.

In these circumstances, it was quite out of the question to persuade them of the necessity of reserving from their harvest sufficient grain for the following year's sowing or of providing reserves against unforeseen calamities. The Jesuits were, therefore, forced to set up their own granaries, in which the crops were stored under lock and key, and from which each Indian daily received his exact ration.

Part of the land belonged to individual Indians, but most of it was the property of the community. On his own land, the so-called abamba or "man's field," each native could plant what he wished, but the cultivation of the communal "God's field" was carried out under the supervision of the fathers, and the crops were stored in the granaries. Privately owned land could not be sold, nor could the houses change hands. No form of property was hereditary, but all the children were brought up at the expense of the community.

The crops produced on "God's fields" provided resources for the maintenance of the sick, aged and infirm, as well as the cost of building houses, churches and farm buildings and the amount of the taxes remitted annually to the Spanish crown. The missionaries themselves did not share in the distribution, and lived on a small stipend granted by the king.

The fathers not only saw that the foodstuffs stored in the granaries were systematically distributed, but also arranged for the clothing of the Indians. Widows and their daughters, who lived in special "widows' homes," regularly received quantities of cotton, which they were required to spin into yarn, and this was then converted into clothing material in the weaving shops. All the men and women received new garments once and the children twice a year, and thus the Indians in the Jesuit settlements were better, though more simply, dressed than the majority of the Spaniards in the adjacent territories.

This scrupulous apportionment of the products of the soil was accompanied by an equally careful distribution of the tasks required to be performed by the Indians. Every citizen of this state was alike required to perform some kind of work, but the fathers saw to it that no one was called upon to exert himself unduly, and that ample leisure was allowed to the Indians for recreation and education. By skilful management it was found possible to ensure the economic tillage of the soil with a general working day of eight hours. Three days in the week the Indians had to work on "God's fields," and they could spend the other days in tilling their own land, but he who neglected his pri-

* *Part one of this narrative, which is taken from The Power and Secrets of the Jesuits soon to be published by the Viking Press, appeared in The Commonweal last week.*

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vate property was called upon to devote a greater part of his time to working on the communal lands.

Money was unnecessary in this country which depended solely on its natural resources. All business was carried on by barter. He who wished to buy an ox or a cow paid for it with so many yards of cloth; a knife purchased a horse and a fish-hook a calf.

Even the foreign trade of the republic was not conducted by means of money. The natural products and home-manufactured wares of the country, such as sugar, wax, honey, tobacco, hides, tamarinds, cotton goods, leather, turnery-wares, and the like, were exchanged for European products. The fathers were particularly successful in growing in a cultivated form the native plant, *ilex paraguayensis*, which they reared as a kind of tea plant; the so-called "Paraguay tea," or yerba maté, for a long time constituted one of the most important exports of the settlements.

Not only were the Indians protected against monetary temptations by the fact that natural products constituted the only form of wealth, but those in charge of this unique state were also never in a position to accumulate riches. They had themselves persuaded the Spanish crown to issue a decree that the fathers should not have a share in the produce of the settlements, but that on the contrary the Indians should receive the entire profit which accrued. The heads of each settlement were therefore required to submit to their provincial periodically detailed accounts of their income and expenditure.

Each settlement constituted a self-contained unit. Two fathers took charge of the settlement, serving as priests, doctors, teachers and overseers of the work to be carried out. The civil administration was delegated to a corregidor elected by the community, several regidores and alcaldes, together with a communal council; all these officials were Indians, the Jesuits endeavoring to encourage the greatest possible degree of autonomy. Under the guidance of the fathers, the natives administered justice, managed the food stores and supervised the normal progress of work. In addition to these political organizations, there were regular trade guilds with native officials; thus the weavers, the smiths, the carpenters and other trades had their own alcaldes, the women elected a female overseer and in addition there was for the young people an alcalde, who looked after the children until they reached the age of seventeen.

Father Peramas gives the following account of the external appearance of one of these settlements:

> The church always formed the centre of the regular settlements; it was spacious, built of solid materials and usually extremely handsome. On one side of the church was the cemetery and on the other the collegiate buildings, including the school. Near the latter stood the village hall together with the granaries in which the goods of the community were stored, and the artizans' workshops. Near the cemetery was the widows' home, a part of which served as a hospital. In front of the church there was always a spacious square containing a statue, and around this square stood, usually arranged at right angles to one another, the one-storied dwellings of the Indians with their projecting roofs or galleries.
>
> An Indian parish police force was responsible for the preservation of law and order, performing their functions with the greatest possible leniency and indulgence. Should it be necessary to bring a transgressor to justice, he was first interrogated by the corregidor in the absence of witnesses; should this course be fruitless, he became liable to penalties which might include whipping and imprisonment. In every settlement, the death penalty was totally abolished, and incorrigible malefactors could be punished only by banishment to distant settlements. Women could be punished by enforced confinement in the widows' home.
>
> From the constitutional point of view, Paraguay might best be described as a confederation, for the settlements were completely autonomous in regard to their domestic affairs, only such matters as foreign trade and military service being dealt with by the settlements as a corporate state. The relations with the kingdom of Spain were analogous to those of a modern dominion; Paraguay owed allegiance direct to the ruling monarch, and under the royal patent possessed complete autonomy, having its own courts of law and its own military organization. The settlements were only required to pay an annual tax, and, in case of war, to render military assistance only within the bounds of South America; in other respects, the Madrid government had no voice. . . .

In this way the Jesuits, basing their scheme on an accurate study of the capabilities and weaknesses of their Indians, had been able to set up in Paraguay that communist state which, two centuries later, humanity still regards approvingly as an ideal to be aimed at. Everything that could ever be hoped for by a Utopian under a communist régime was here to be found translated into reality: the state ownership of natural products and of foodstuffs, the abolition of the monetary system which was the cause of so much unhappiness, the equality of all citizens of the state, the abolition of every form of material distress, provision for the needs of the aged, infirm, widows and orphans, the liability of all citizens to perform some kind of work subject to an eight-hour day, the education of children at the expense of the state, and freedom on the part of all to choose their own vocation.

From the administrative point of view, moreover, the Indian state harmonized with the most modern democratic demands, for its citizens were not subject to the repressive measures of autocratic officials, their freedom being restricted only where necessary in the public interest; the officials of this republic, elected as they were by popular suffrage, were merely selfless agents for the welfare of all.

Nevertheless, private ownership of property was not entirely abolished, and, side by side with communal property, there existed a system of individual ownership, although such wealth could not be acquired by the exploitation of others, nor could its growth constitute a danger to the community. This state of affairs

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had been brought about without any resort to force, indeed its introduction had been acclaimed by those concerned, and the national organization under which such a model mode of life existed continued to function for a century and a half.

Such a state, founded as it was on the theory that the Indians possessed rights as human beings, and established as it was amid a colonial territory, the chief industry of which was the slave trade, could not but be regarded as a bold challenge to its neighbors. Had not this independent state of Paraguay recently robbed the man hunters of their valuable prey? To allow this to go on indefinitely would be tantamount to endangering European civilization in South America.

At first, efforts were made to negotiate with the Jesuits with a view to dividing certain of the settlements situated on the frontiers into encomiendas, but the masters of Paraguay quoted the royal patents and talked of Gospel brotherhood, an argument which the colonial officials regarded as most irrelevant. Nevertheless, the royal patents could not be questioned, and therefore the whites had at first to leave the matter to the so-called "Mamelukes."

This word was used to designate a horde of mestizos, descendants of European bandits and convicts, who had intermarried with Indian women. In well-armed troops, the Mamelukes traversed the country around their settlements, robbing and plundering on all sides.

The colonial authorities now thought fit to draw the attention of the Mamelukes to the existence of the Indian settlements, and to suggest that they should make these the object of their future forays. The Mameluke troops therefore invaded Paraguay in rapidly increasing numbers, captured all the natives whom they could seize, and sold them in the ports. At the beginning of the eighteenth century, some sixty thousand were thus dragged into slavery.

After exhausting every possible means of inducing the governor of La Plata to intervene, the Jesuits decided to evacuate the regions exposed to the incursions of the Mamelukes, and they removed 12,000 of their Indians down the Parana through the thick forests, into a more remote and less exposed district.

But the Mamelukes soon began their incursions into this latter district, receiving a good deal of encouragement from the Portuguese authorities. True, the Jesuits were able to secure the issue of a special papal brief, in which the governor of Brazil was required under penalty of excommunication, to put a stop to this state of affairs, but as the Mamelukes were acting in the interests of all the man hunters and slave-dealers, the Pope's words went, of course, unheeded.

In these circumstances, Father Montoya, who was at that time in charge of the threatened settlements, was forced to the conclusion that in this world even the kingdom of Christ could not dispense with firearms. He therefore petitioned the king of Spain for authority to supply the Indians with European weapons. As he was able to convince the king that such a native army might be able to render useful service to the crown, his request was granted.

Only now did this extraordinary republic of Paraguay, which had its beginnings in a kind of Indian choral society, become a real state. The fathers immediately set up an efficient military system, armed the Indians throughout the country, and established cannon foundries and small-arms factories. From this time onward, each settlement had to maintain two companies of soldiers under the command of Indian caciques: officers and men wore uniforms of a Spanish pattern, and regularly held drills and maneuvers under the supervision of the fathers. A missionary wrote home at that period:

> Every Monday the local corregidor holds a parade on the square and has the troops drilled. They are then divided into two sides which attack each other, sometimes with so much ardor that it becomes necessary to sound the retreat lest an accident should occur. . . . A troop of cavalry constantly patrols the neighborhood and reports on everything which it observes. The narrow passes giving access to the country are closely guarded. . . . In case of emergency, we could at once raise a force of 30,000 mounted Indians who are well acquainted with the use of sabre and musket, who can form squadrons and carry out their maneuvers correctly. They are all paraded and drilled by the fathers.

This armed force soon had an opportunity of proving its military skill. When the fortress of San Sacramento was beleaguered during a quarrel with the Portuguese, the republic of Paraguay, within eleven days, sent to the aid of the Spanish commander a corps of 3,300 cavalry and 200 sharpshooters with the necessary baggage train. During this campaign, 600 Indians and a German father were killed by the enemy. King Philip V had therefore every justification for describing the Paraguay army as the "military bulwark of Spain."

Moreover, the Spaniards were soon afterward to be afforded ample evidence of the excellence of the Indian army, when they themselves had to take the field against them and suffered reverse after reverse. This occurred in 1750, when the courts of Madrid and Lisbon decided to settle their constant disputes regarding their respective frontiers at the expense of the Paraguay settlements, Spain agreeing under a treaty to hand over to Portugal seven districts in the Indian territories.

The Portuguese authorities then demanded that these settlements should be evacuated by their Indian inhabitants, a proposal which met with great opposition from the latter. The Jesuits had recourse to diplomatic pressure, enabling them to secure a postponement of the official surrender of these territories to Portugal, during which period they were able to organize an armed resistance, and the Spanish and Portuguese officers who were appointed to settle the new boundary line had to retire on encountering considerable bodies of Indian troops, leaving their task unaccomplished.

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OMENS IN NEW YORK

By ADAM DAY

That all things change is one important aspect of the world's fate. It is also a maxim with which political leaders must reckon. In the following paper an attempt is made to chart contemporary political weather in New York. We are reminded that one Democratic standard-bearer hailed from Albany and are led to wonder whether another will give the same address. Underneath one finds a most interesting political situation, about which many people are talking and to which attention will be increasingly given. The article has, of course, no party tendency and aims merely to present facts and moods.—The Editors.

FROM the foundation of the government, politics in New York have had an important influence beyond the state's confines, and events are now shaping in a way that indicates an enhanced importance will attach to men and measures here during the next several months.

It seems but yesterday that Herbert Hoover was elected President by a plurality that signified most unmistakably the nation's hopes and expectations and the big responsibility which this expression of confidence carried with it. This confidence has not been shaken during the first year of Mr. Hoover's administration, but he has proved himself slower to act on questions of vital import than was expected, and there is a growing opinion that on such questions the President must exercise the prerogatives of his high office with reasonable promptitude, since to him the country looks for leadership. His seeming inaction has been, and is, most disquieting to those liberal Republican circles, which were in the main responsible for his nomination, and has added considerably to the vocalism of his political opponents, especially those in Congress, to whom the signs and portents are full of promise for the democracy.

Thus it happens that political observers from coast to coast are turning their gaze toward New York and directly to Albany, whence the Democratic party already has gone twice for a presidential candidate—in 1884 and 1928—and are speculatively shifting the political balances. From experience it has long been axiomatic that any Democrat who can carry New York state twice for governer is a potential presidential nominee. The careers of Tilden, Cleveland and Smith substantiated the axiom.

Franklin Delano Roosevelt has carried the state once, and even his political opponents admit privately the likelihood of his carrying it again in November by a considerably larger plurality than he got in 1928. Today he looms big, not only for a seemingly certain reëlection as governor of the empire state, but as the strongest potential presidential candidate the Democrats will be able to find in 1932.

Chief of the several reasons for this are four which stand out most strikingly:

1. The Roosevelt position on highly controversial issues makes him acceptable to voters who are not bound by party in states whose electoral vote is indispensable to election. Heading the list of these issues are the dry laws.

2. Governor Roosevelt is a liberal of sincerely proletarian leanings, unequivocally espoused to the theories of state rights as set forth in Article X of the constitution. As such he appeals strongly to hundreds of thousands of voters of all parties and to independents who view with growing alarm what they regard as the ever-increasing tendency toward Hamiltonian plutocracy and centralization of government.

3. Religious prejudices can take no root in his past or present, and among his constituents are Roman Catholics, Protestants and Jews.

4. There is embodied in him the stirring traditions of the Roosevelt name with its gargantuan implications and audacity for the right.

The conditions which are responsible for adding luminosity to the Roosevelt star are the very reverse of those which were envisaged two years ago, when only nine New York counties, with a vote of 2,089,863, went Democratic in the presidential election and the Roosevelt plurality was a mere 25,562. Since then the political weathercock in New York has veered sharply from Republican toward Democratic party principles. The almost complete collapse of the Republican county organizations in New York City was revealed in the elections last fall, when it fell to the enviable lot of Mayor James J. Walker, Tammany candidate for reëlection, to lament that he just missed a 500,000 majority.

Were the gubernatorial election tomorrow, there is little doubt that Mr. Roosevelt would be returned to the executive mansion in Albany by a vote that would rival that Tammany landslide, for the party is united and its stand clearly defined on all the major issues, including prohibition, hydro-electric development and control of St. Lawrence River resources and social welfare legislation. It now has twenty-three representatives in Washington, as against nineteen Republicans and Fiorello H. LaGuardia, who is half a dozen of one and six of the other. Indications are that it will contribute most effectively, with the aid of the insurgents, to changing the complexion of the House of Representatives in November and, forming a strong opposition in the legislative branch of the government, give the Hoover administration a taste of what the governor of New York and his predecessor have had served them.

Disorganization in the Republican party is wholly responsible for the political situation in New York

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state, and it is induced by three major factors of which the first is the policy of the Hoover administration during its first year, which has made for disillusionment on the part of many thousands of voters; the second, prohibition, which has come to stand foremost in the public mind as a political issue; and the third, the absence of strong leadership in the Republican city, county and state organizations, with State Chairman William J. Maier's policy of "diplomacy, not dictatorship," seeming to be somewhat too subtle for the exigencies of the times.

The effects of all this, along with other party affairs, have reacted gravely on the Republican organization in New York state, already sorely divided over prohibition, for it is here that the wets have picked their chief battleground, whence spreads their propaganda through the several states of the union.

Not since the Fourteenth Amendment was debated in the South has any state been so stirred by an issue as is New York over the Eighteenth Amendment, and its aforementioned influence on public affairs throughout the country makes its attitude on great questions with which the nation now stands confronted of more than usual significance. The Republican party in the state has been the chief political sufferer in the prohibition controversy, and nothing that the administration has done has helped the party here in this connection. Rather have its acts made more widespread the dissension evidenced in the Wickersham report.

The organization has not attempted to meet the issue. Instead, it has straddled it. In up-state dry strongholds it is dry; in the cities it is wet. Many of its best-known leaders are openly wet and are striving mightily to commit the party to a wet program.

Among these are James W. Wadsworth, jr., whose wetness enabled the New York Anti-saloon League and its following to retire him from the United States Senate, and Nicholas Murray Butler, who is regarded by some persons as of presidential timber and whose aspirations to go to the White House are well known. Such leaders and the lavish provision of funds enjoyed by the Association against the Prohibition Amendment for its purposes have brought the wets appreciable gains in the big cities up state, and it is no secret that thousands of the Wadsworth-Butler following will vote Democratic unless the party names a wet for governor. This following boasts many of the foremost names in the roster of the state's Old Guard and the most active young Republican leaders.

All of which augurs that nothing less than a miracle can bring Republican success in the November polls, and miracles do not happen in the world of practical politics, where the purely mathematical process of votes and the counting of them holds.

What is left of Republican leadership knows this. While they talk of party principles and Hoover policies and declare that "the one real kind of Republican believes in Herbert Hoover," they subconsciously admit their impotence and, finding no more effective means of working, strive through a Republican majority in the Senate and Assembly to best a governor whose political acumen is of the first order.

That the party within the state would respond to strong leadership was indicated unmistakably, however, in the water power contest, in which the Democratic executive declared for state development and ownership of the hydro-electric resources of the St. Lawrence and the building of transmission lines, while the Republican majority stood committed as a unit to private development, ownership and operation. Then, with the suddenness of a pentecostal visitation, this avowedly intransigent Republican position was abandoned, for the moment at least, and the governor was invited to appoint his own commission to study and report on his scheme. The governor's proposals had included the probable leasing of the state's transmission lines to private ownership, and somewhere back stage had come the prompter's voice that big business was not averse to a scheme that would save vast sums to private corporations in development work.

A further thing has served to plague the Republican organization, and that is the policy of the administration in the distribution of patronage. The appointments to good jobs have fallen chiefly in the laps not of Hoover workers, who, having sown, felt they should reap, but in those of Union League Club Republicans. Proof of this was had in the bestowal of the most coveted of all these posts—that of the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. And further proof is at hand in the appointment of Henry L. Stimson as Secretary of State; George W. Wickersham as chairman of the Law Enforcement Committee; Harry F. Guggenheim as ambassador to Cuba; and Edward B. Morgan as ambassador to Brazil.

Thus has Mr. Roosevelt, as leader of the Democratic party in the state, had an unusual opportunity, which he did not shun, to display his political talents.

He has steered a middle course on the prohibition issue that makes him, up to this moment, acceptable to both wets and drys, and, meanwhile, he has so effectively soft-pedaled it within his own party that it has not affected the organization. Although a personal dry, he has stood squarely on the state platform which took him into office in a Republican year. At the same time, he holds that, "wisely or unwisely," the Eighteenth Amendment was written into the constitution and, as part of the organic law of the nation, must be enforced. Further, his position on the prohibition issue is fortified by Republican fears—an apprehension that is characteristic of the Republican majority in their present uncertainty and disorganization which makes them comparable to the man who jumped at his own shadow.

The unanimity within the state Democratic party for Mr. Roosevelt is in striking contrast with the "minds many" in the Republican fold, where, in search of a gubernatorial candidate who would travel down

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the middle of the road on the wet-dry issue, a score of trial balloons have been sent up. These incipient candidacies include Speaker Joseph A. McGinnies, of Chautauqua County, the choice of many of the extreme drys; Attorney-General Hamilton Ward, of Buffalo; Colonel William J. Donovan, of Buffalo; John Lord O'Brian, of Buffalo, assistant to the Attorney-General, who is credited with being the real choice of the national Republicans; State Senator Seabury C. Mastick, of Westchester County; Representative Hamilton Fish, of Putnam County; Assistant Secretary of War F. Trubee Davison of Nassau County, who is understood not to be an active candidate; W. Kingsland Macy, Republican leader of Suffolk County; State Senator George R. Fearon, of Syracuse; Charles E. Hughes, jr., and, in New York City where the Tammany coup of the fall has somewhat marred potentialities, Federal Attorney Charles H. Tuttle, whose reputation as a dry appeals to upstate prohibitionists.

Some political observers hold that Mr. Roosevelt's political prestige is growing too fast for his own good. Some of these see him running away with the Democratic nomination two years before the nominating convention. He is a young man, and his friends hold that the best thing that could happen for him would be the naming of another Democratic candidate in 1932 to oppose Mr. Hoover, whose mistakes in the next three years would need to be far more signal than have characterized his first year to make it easy to defeat him. They see Mr. Hoover going through the customary first-four-years' motions and are of the belief that after the election in 1932 he will frankly identify himself with that ultra-conservative, high-protectionist manufacturing and big-business group indigenous to the Republican party. All this would count big in the political career of Franklin Roosevelt, who by 1936, they argue, would have won new laurels and come upon times more propitious to the democracy.

FROM TEMPERANCE TO WHEELERISM

By ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

THE history of prohibition is the history of the degeneration of a moral reform into a mere struggle for power. Prohibition—difficult though it may be to believe—actually began as a relatively sane "temperance" movement. During the first quarter of the nineteenth century a few fairly important societies were formed in America whose members pledged themselves to moderation in the use of spirits. By 1826 the original meaning of the word "temperance" was so far forgotten that the American Temperance Union could be formed, with members now pledging themselves to total abstinence from spirits. The notion that moral strength is to be gained by flight from temptation was already abroad in the land. By 1840 the movement had extended, in the formation of the Washington Society, to include beer, wine and cider. Even so early, the reformers had evidently begun to lose their sense of humor and their power of discrimination. Nevertheless, in the first half-century of our national existence there was no such thing as legal prohibition. There was a tendency to misuse the pledge by imposing it on children, but with this exception the opponents of liquor confined themselves to justifiable moral suasion. They were often zealots; but they still recognized the right of personal liberty. They sought to convert, not to constrain; their appeal was to the conscience, not to the law.

The Anti-saloon League introduced a new policy into the prohibition movement. It aimed to utilize the Protestant churches to build up a political machine. With church members definitely enrolled in its ranks as voters, it approached the political candidate in district, county or state, and demanded his views on the prohibition question. To the one whose record and replies were most satisfactory it then delivered the votes. This was done regardless of the candidate's record on all other issues, regardless of his fitness for office, regardless even of his own personal habits in the use of liquor. If he would only vote to compel others not to drink, he might drink as much as he pleased himself, for all the Anti-saloon League cared.

Supported partly by the genuine hostility of a large share of the public toward the saloon, but chiefly by the powerful political machine which it built up, by 1917 the League was able to picture in its famous charts the whole country a chaste white aside from a few black regions of vice extending inland from the intellectual and cultural centres—New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, San Francisco and New Orleans. If the League had now devoted itself to consolidating its successes it might possibly have maintained the positions it had gained. But in its eyes there was one fatal defect in all the legislation that had been passed: it might be overturned if men later changed their minds. If a constitutional amendment could be put over, however, making prohibition a part of the fundamental law of the land, it would not matter whether men changed their minds or not. The League could always count upon a sufficient minority to block the repeal of the amendment; it would therefore remain permanently in legal control of the situation.

With the political power which it now had, the League would quite possibly, in any case, have succeeded in its purpose, but the war made its task immeasurably easier. While the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment was under discussion its most powerful organized enemies, the German-American Alliance and the United States Brewers' Association, came

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under governmental investigation for disloyalty, both investigations being secretly started by Wayne B. Wheeler, attorney of the Anti-saloon League, whose resolutions were introduced into Congress by Senator William King and Senator Wesley Jones. Once the opposition to prohibition was identified with pro-Germanism, the end was certain. As Wheeler wrote jubilantly to a colleague:

> You have doubtless seen the way the newspapers have taken up the German-American Alliance. They are giving it almost as much attention as the Acts of Congress itself. We could not have bought for $50,000 what we have gotten on the investigation. . . . We are not willing it be known at present that we started the investigation.

It was not known. The Eighteenth Amendment went hurtling through the country on the shoulders of patriotism. Psychologically, if not literally, it was a war measure. As some one has said, prohibition was a war bride, married in haste to be repented at leisure.

The Amendment once adopted, the next event of importance was the drawing up of the Enforcement Act. Again Wayne B. Wheeler did the work. Congressmen had become accustomed to being rubber stamps for the Anti-saloon League. Thus Congressman Andrew J. Volstead of Minnesota, who introduced the so-called Volstead Act, has been visited in the public mind with misdirected opprobrium. The voice was Volstead's, but the brain was Wheeler's. Justin Steuart, Wheeler's publicity secretary, writes in his Wayne Wheeler, Dry Boss:

> Wheeler frequently asserted that he took the suggestions offered by the League's special committee, combined them with his own rough draft, and produced the bill which, when some minor changes were made, became the Volstead Act. . . . To save Volstead's feelings, Wheeler later modified his statements and did not claim to have done more than to gather together material for the Judiciary Committee's use.

In the general uncertainty as to just what the Act meant or how it should be applied, Wheeler, as its real author, became the unofficial adviser of the Treasury and Justice Departments. He supplied written arguments for embarrassed Congressmen to present to their home constituencies. He wrote:

> I have had to keep in close touch with the congressmen during these primary campaigns. For a time there seemed to be a complete stampede among the congressmen for a beer and wine amendment. I prepared arguments on this proposition for the congressmen and have sent them out for distribution in the states. Congressmen are dependent upon us today to defend their position from a legal standpoint as never before. In many places they admit that they cannot defend their position on a ground that a liquor containing ½ of 1 percent of alcohol is intoxicating in fact.

But the League stood ready to supply all needed sophistries. Two more quotations from Wheeler, during the elections of 1920, have their interest:

> The fight for United States Senator Lenroot in Wisconsin, was a fine demonstration of League strategy. The wets had the majority of the votes, but were outgeneraled.

In Minnesota, Congressman Volstead was defeated in the primary, but the League contested the nomination in the courts, where it was thrown out on grounds of violation of the Corrupt Practices Act; it was then an easy task to persuade the congressional committee to name Volstead to fill the vacancy.

> Both Mr. Volstead and our friends in the district realize that, had it not been for the League's activity and support from the very inception of this fight, Mr. Volstead would have been defeated.

Speaking of the Corrupt Practices Act, what of the League? The Act requires the filing of a detailed statement of receipts of over $100 by

> all committees, associations or organizations which shall in two or more states influence the result, or attempt to influence the result, of an election at which representatives in Congress are to be elected.

With a strange reluctance, in such a moral organization, to reveal the sources of its income, the League has never filed any such returns. When its attention was called to the matter in 1920 it protested, claiming that its activities were "educational, scientific and charitable rather than political, as intended by law." Did anyone suppose that it had ever tried to influence an election? What a complete misunderstanding! How could an innocent educational, scientific and charitable society be so completely misinterpreted!

In New York state, when the same issue arose and proceedings were brought against it, the League took similar ground, and also pointed out that the charges were made against the Anti-saloon League of New York, whereas, although this was the name which the League had latterly used, it was originally incorporated as the New York Anti-saloon League. The trial court failed to see the profound difference, but the Apellate Court, with that legal wisdom so perplexing to the mere layman, decided that the change of name had brought in "an entirely new party."

Still speaking of corrupt practices, the administration of President Harding coincided with the high point of the League's success. Coming from Ohio, Wheeler's native state where his political influence was particularly strong, the new incumbent was ready to give the Anti-saloon leader anything he wanted. Among the many candidates for the office of prohibition commissioner, Wheeler simply selected the one that suited him, and on his appointment wrote Harding to thank him for his "coöperation," taking occasion also to issue a discreet warning as to the President's personal habits by copying out a scandalous article from the Auto-

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Piano Weekly, "in order that you may know what kind of information is going out from some of the correspondents." The numerous letters between Harding and "My dear Wheeler," given in Steuart's book, are not unamusing. They show Wheeler eager and aggressive, Harding mildly enthusiastic over the tale of dry victories but definitely responsive to news of Republican success. At last in 1923 Wheeler decided to crown his career with a master stroke—nothing less than to induce the President of the United States to obey the law. He called upon Harding and demanded that the latter immediately take a total abstinence pledge.

The President pleaded with him like a schoolboy, urging that his health might be injured by the abandonment of a life-long habit, but Wheeler was obdurate. He threatened to withdraw the support of the League, and the President capitulated. Like the other great latter-day American moralist, Anthony Comstock, Wheeler was either blind or indifferent to political corruption in his associates so long as they supported the particular reform in which he was interested. A close friend of Harry M. Daugherty, he wrote to him on December 21, 1922:

> Nineteen twenty-two will always be remembered by yourself and your friends as one of your most eventful and successful years. I have always had implicit faith in you and I felt sure that the attacks upon you would prove groundless.

There is no record of what either may have written to the other in 1924, but it could hardly have been in the nature of congratulations on a successful year!

The tide at last began to turn against this most notorious of the League bosses. He never enjoyed the personal influence with the Coolidge administration which he had had under Harding; Congress began to grow restive under his long-continued domination, and his own friends permitted him to be severely grueled by Senator James Reed in the investigating committee of 1926; worst of all, dissension began to appear in the councils of the League, and in 1927 he was publicly reprimanded for certain tactless utterances by the chairman of the League's executive and legislative committees. His death on September 5, 1927, came none too soon to save him from personal defeat.

The extremist policies of Wheelerism, however, were too congenial to the spirit of the League to be abandoned. It has continued to insist upon ever more drastic legislation culminating in the Jones Act of 1929, which, following the example of the Michigan prohibition law, makes violation of the liquor statutes a felony. In states like Michigan, which also had the Baumes law, making mandatory life imprisonment for a fourth conviction of felony, a person might be sent to prison for life for manufacturing a pint of homebrew or letting a keg of cider stand too long in his cellar. In Michigan three violators of the liquor law were actually so sentenced, including a woman, Mrs. Etta May Miller, mother of ten children. Little remains save to make possession of liquor a capital offense. There is no reason to believe that the prohibition leaders would shrink even from that, if they thought by such means to preserve their power.

And yet, after all its thirty-five years of effort, after all its cruelty and dishonesty, what has the Anti-saloon League accomplished? One may readily list its achievements:

First, the substitution of the lawless bootlegger for the lawful saloon-keeper.

Secondly, the corruption of vast numbers of government officials.

Thirdly, a great increase in actual drunkenness as compared with moderate drinking.

In the single city of Philadelphia an investigation in 1928 showed that a ring of bootleggers acting under assumed names had handled accounts of $10,000,000 in the Union Bank and Trust Company. A fair share of this money had gone into regular monthly salaries to the police. That these salaries were reasonably large were shown in the cases of the three inspectors who were indicted along with eighteen captains. The official salaries of inspectors range from $3,000 to $4,000. The three gentlemen in Philadelphia had bank accounts, respectively, of over $40,000, $102,000, and $193,000. In Pittsburgh an investigation in the same year by the Allegheny County grand jury revealed a similar state of corruption, with officially recognized bootleggers who controlled the sale of liquor in their respective districts. In Detroit a more recent investigation of the federal grand jury indicates that the yearly graft of border control officials amounts to $2,000,000. In addition to an established graft rate on every case of beer and whiskey, inspectors receive extra sums for "free nights on the river" when smugglers can bring in as much as they please.

The prosperity of the bootlegger is, of course, sufficient evidence of the enormous amount of drinking that goes on. Arrests for drunkenness in the period from 1920 to 1927 increased by over 125 percent. If these figures should be discounted somewhat on the score of increased police activity or increased necessity of mentioning intoxication when it is the cause of arrest, such reservations surely would not account for the entire increase. Nor would they affect the number of deaths from alcoholism which increased during the same period exactly 300 percent. But why go on to labor points which every honest man admits?

Certainly the prohibitionist, the police officer, the bootlegger, and the drunkard will not worry. Nor will the citizen whose transient interest ceases when his transient thirst is gratified. But there are still some old-fashioned lovers of reason who object to putting their lives and liberties in alien hands, who object to seeing their nation the laughing-stock of the world, who object to letting the United States remain forever the prey of crooks and hypocrites. How many such lovers of reason are left, only the future can tell.

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A LETTER FROM MEXICO CITY

By DOROTHY DAY

OUTSIDE the sun is pouring down on the roofs so that our several fat kittens seek the shade of the calla-lilies, heliotrope and other potted plants. I sit half in the shade, half out, just within the door which opens on our balcony and looks out over all the roofs. It is cold in our old stone building, and too hot outside. Soledad, the twelve-year-old girl of the house, is washing sheets in the flat stone laundry tub in the entry way, singing very cheerfully a gay Spanish hymn while she works.

Around her neck she wears a funny little rosary, as so many of the children do here—fifty tiny wooden beads, marked like cork, and a lead medal imprinted with a church like a wigwam, and two fir trees on either side. You buy these only at Guadalupe Villa, in front of the cathedral, and the prayers you say are directed of course to Our Lady of Guadalupe.

On every balcony there are cages of birds which do not sing, but whistle shrilly and call like parrots. Boys carry a dozen of them at a time on branches and they make no attempt to fly away. It is said that they are loaded down with small shot so that they cannot fly, but Señor Gomez, Soledad's uncle, says that they do not mind. It does not hurt them, but rather helps their digestion. If they did not have shot to eat, he says, they would eat gravel and small stones. They are very fat and healthy looking.

Last week, on Candlemas day, there were many cages of them hanging in the church. When the bells ceased ringing at the Elevation (and the clamor is as loud as two small boys can make it) you could hear the birds too, calling out piercingly, greeting the advent on the altar of their Maker.

Every morning I first go to the old church of San José, and thence to the market, just as all the women do here. The Nino Perdido street cars pass the church, so named not for any lost child of the neighborhood as I thought rather tragically at first, but for the lost Child Jesus, when He was separated from His holy mother and foster-father for three days. Nearby there is also the street of the Little Fishes, recalling one of the miracles of Jesus.

If one goes to eight o'clock Mass there are as many men as women in the congregation. But at the nine o'clock Mass which I usually attend, there are only a few men, mostly those who work about the streets and whose occupations give them more liberty. But the church is always thronged with women and children. There are those whom I presume to be sisters of some order, by the way they take charge of the children, and by the way the children kiss their hands as they take leave of them. You cannot tell them by the devout expression on their faces, because so many women of Mexico are marked by a quiet serenity.

Every day groups of women assist at Mass with scapulars six inches square about their shoulders which they take out of their market baskets when they enter the church and put back again when they leave. Another thing one notices—almost all the women assist at Mass with missals. They say the rosary in the church every evening, and not at Mass as so many in the United States do.

There are elegantly clad women, always in black, and many so poor that they must go barefoot on the cold stones of the church floor. Several barefooted little girls come in, and they have only one shawl between them so that they put it over their two or three heads and kneel together all through the service.

There is no formality during the service. The littlest children sit and play, silently of course, on the steps of the altar of San Antonio or Our Lady of Soledad. Many kneel at the altar rail all during the Mass, to be as close to the Blessed Sacrament as possible, and they do not interfere with those who wish to communicate, for the priest stands in one place at the foot of the altar, at the altar rail, and gives the Sacrament to the faithful who come two by two. At some special feast, indeed several times a week, the women bear lighted candles in their hands, which they extinguish after Communion and put back in their market baskets.

Communion is given before Mass, during Mass, and after Mass, and then the Sacrament is placed in the little chapel of the Sacred Heart where all day there are always scores of people worshiping with lighted candles in their hands, their arms outstretched. Many of the devout proceed on their knees to the altar rail.

It is strange to see the priests on the streets in grey or brown suits, and different colored felt hats, a grim reminder of those desolate years of persecution. The marks of that time are on all their faces. There are no young priests here.

I went to see Father Twaites, an Englishman who has been here for thirty years and who is now an old man, and when I reached his house I had a hard time gaining admittance. The porter professed to misunderstand me, and it was only after questioning several people that one woman whispered fearfully, "El Padre?" and showed me where to go. The people still tremble for the liberty and lives of their pastors.

There was a marriage in the church last Wednesday. A woman of the people with a black shawl over her head, knelt by the side of a tall cartero and after the marriage service the altar boys placed a wide satin scarf over her head and over the shoulders of her husband, and over that a white satin rope, knotting the two of them together for the rest of the Mass. An old barefooted Indian sat at the organ, with three little children kneeling beside him, and played and sang Gregorian plain chant—by ear, for there was no music in front of him. After Mass, several men with stringed instruments played hymns in which all the congregation joined and the music was happy and triumphant.

Though there is no discussion among the people as to what is going to happen or as to what has happened between Church and state—the attitude, as I have said, is still fearful—there is much talk against the administration.

Señor Gomez, the very intelligent business man who is the uncle of little Soledad, says that the people are not at all satisfied with Ortiz Rubio. "They may talk about the election being a democratic one, yet 75 percent of the people do not want Ortiz Rubio."

We hear this many times from people of all classes.

"The reason he went to the United States, everyone says, was to escape assassination," Señor Gomez went on. "He himself fears it. Didn't he say as he was leaving the palace, just before the attempted assassination on the day he was inaugurated, 'They can shoot at me now, but nevertheless I am president'? Many people think he will not last very long. They feel that Calles has put him where he is, and they do not wish to be imposed upon. Shall I call us a reactionary people? I mean that we react against imposition. Calles wanted his hacienda—he wanted to remain in the country instead of leaving it as so many ex-presidents have had to do. So he put a man of his own in his place. He is safe now, he thinks. But he and Ortiz Rubio are far from safe."

On the other hand Vasconcelos seems to be popular with

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the people. He is a man of vivid personality, they say, and wide interests. To me he is an enigmatic personality. What I do not understand is why he commissioned Diego Rivera, the artist, to decorate all the public buildings when Diego is an avowed Communist and a bitter anticlerical. However, Diego has painted many noble pictures of the religious who have helped to uplift Mexico, among the frescoes in the Secretaria de Education, in addition to the savage ones directed against the clergy, whom Rivera holds are hand in glove with the capitalists to keep down the people.

There is great accent placed on the friendly relations between Mexico and the United States. The city is full of tourists and many entertainments are planned in their honor. There seem always to be delegations of business men and newspapermen in the city; in many cases, their expenses paid by the Mexican government. Just this morning I stopped in one of the many bureaus of information and came away with a half-dozen gorgeously illustrated books and calendars about Mexico, written in English for Americans and distributed free.

One pamphlet consists of a very beautiful calendar, "civico," to distinguish it from the religious calendars the people have in their homes. On every other page there is a picture in black and white by some prominent and popular artist, including many of Rivera's. One picture is of Sor Juana Iniz de la Cruz, by Tamiji Kitagawa, calling the religious, "sin disputa, el mas importante de nuestras letras coloniales." Another by the same artist is of Fra Bartolome de las Casas. There is still another of the nativity by Clemente Orosco. It is significant that two of these religious pictures are by Japanese artists, and the one by a Mexican artist, a picture for children, of the toys of the nativity which are sold in the Alameda. There are no religious holidays marked on the calendar, though Epiphany was a public holiday and Holy Thursday, Good Friday and Holy Saturday are observed by all business houses.

Now the two months midwinter holiday is over, and the schools are open. The public schools are housed in old buildings, and the rooms are gay with the work of the children. There are large gardens and swimming pools in the patios. The trouble is there are not enough schools. Attendance is supposed to be compulsory, up to the age of fourteen, but there are no truant officers to enforce attendance and one sees many children on the street who help their parents in their work, or who have not fit clothes to attend.

The Portrait

Grey, all grey, from the soles of her
feet to her crown!
Grey are her eyes and hair, and grey is
her shimmering gown!
Give me a peacock feather to place in
her shapely hand,
And a fold of gentian velvet to circle
her head with a band.

Still, her eyes are grey and cold as the
wintry sea:
What shall I do to brighten the glance
that she turns on me?
Wait, when touched by the sunlight, the
grey sea changes to blue,
Perhaps a thought in her eyes will
change and warm them too.

EDNA JUDSON WILDE.

COMMUNICATIONS

MR. MARSHALL INQUIRES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I am in receipt of a public letter from you, as president of The Calvert Associates, with the request that I would be kind enough to aid your Association by attending a highly important event which will occur, you say, on March 25.

You enclose a circular reprinted from the advertising columns of The Commonweal explaining that event to be a meeting of your Association at the Metropolitan Opera House, and referring to the purpose of your Association to draw public attention to the principle of religious liberty established in Maryland by George Calvert (Lord Baltimore) in whose honor your Association, it says, was founded. Your circular further refers to your meeting as an annual event celebrating "the anniversary of the landing of the Catholic pilgrims in Maryland," and that the meeting—"A Meeting for Religious Liberty"—will be held under the patronage of "His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes, archbishop of New York, Right Reverend William T. Manning, D.D., bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York, and Bernard S. Deutsch, president of the American Jewish Congress."

I am an advocate of religious liberty, and gratified to be numbered as such by His Eminence and by The Calvert Associates.

I should be as glad to join you in celebrating the landing of those whom you refer to as "the Catholic pilgrims in Maryland" as in celebrating the landing of the Puritan pilgrims in Massachusetts, but not in either case as signifying religious liberty. Both events led to intolerance and persecution, and from religious liberty are equally remote.

The Maryland Act of religious liberty (described in your Catholic Encyclopedia as "this celebrated Act of Toleration") was promulgated April 21, 1649, by Cecilius, son of George Calvert, Lord Baltimore. It provided that all persons within the province of Maryland who denied Jesus Christ to be the Son of God, or who denied the Holy Trinity, or spoke reproachfully thereof, should be punished with death and confiscation of all lands and goods.

It is, sir, a well-known fact that George Calvert, first Lord Baltimore, was originally a member of the Church of England, a brilliant figure at the English court, and a distinguished official in the English government. He was converted to the Roman Catholic religion in 1625. From the Protestant king and government of England he and his son Cecilius obtained a grant of what became the province of Maryland. With such mixed Protestant and Roman Catholic antecedents, Cecilius found it natural to promulgate the law above referred to, dealing out religious liberty to Trinitarians, but death and destruction to Unitarians, Quakers, Jews, and all unbelievers. Such is the consummation you invite me to celebrate as signifying religious liberty.

You are personally acquainted with my churchmanship. You know that my bishop, by the constitutional usage of the Church of which I am a member and of which he is a bishop, is designated as the bishop of New York; is it anything else than discourteous and intolerant for you to send me a communication describing Bishop Manning as the "bishop of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New York," while to His Eminence Cardinal Hayes you ascribe the title—not archbishop of the Roman Catholic province of New York—but "archbishop of New York"?

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I desire to recognize every element of courtesy in the letter and invitation with which you have honored me, and I am eager to extend what humble aid is in my power to the cause of religious liberty, but I cannot feel that this cause will be advanced by celebrating an event directly connected with the promulgation of one of the most intolerant enactments that has defaced the statute books of time.

As your letter to me is a circular and public letter I shall give this reply to the religious press, and I request space for its publication in The Commonweal, the organ of The Calvert Associates.

CHARLES C. MARSHALL.

A REPLY

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The celebration of March 25, as I understand it, commemorates not the Act Concerning Religion, but the fact of religious liberty, as actually exemplified in the early days of the Maryland colony.

This Act, concerning which so much has been said and written, is generally regarded by students of Maryland history as a compromise measure, by which the proprietary and his council sought to salvage what they could of their idea of toleration in the face of the rising tide of Puritan intolerance. It has been compared with the Poor Laws of Elizabeth, which marked the expiration of a period of Christian charity in dealing with human want.

The situation is aptly summarized by Scharf, in his history of Maryland, volume 1, page 182:

"The peculiar provisions of the charter, while they by no means proscribed toleration, yet, by making the province a palatinate, placed it in the power of the proprietary to carry out his liberal policy without molestation. The proprietary's spirit was caught by the first colonists, and the beneficent working of the policy was felt by all. When dissension and civil war in the mother country and at home seemed to threaten the overthrow of what had proved so great a blessing, the proprietary and the legislature, in which both faiths were represented, did what they could to secure tolerance by making it the law of the land."

W. T. Russell, in his work, Maryland, the Land of Sanctuary, points out on page 204:

"The latter part of this Act in which toleration is limited to Christians, bears a close resemblance to part of the ninth section of the Agreement of the People (January 15, 1648) by which religious liberty was guaranteed to all in England except Catholics and Episcopalians.

"The section which imposes the penalty of death for blasphemy, denial of the Trinity or of the unity of the Godhead is apparently taken from an act of the Presbyterian Parliament of May 2, 1648."

Mr. Marshall finds a connection between the Puritanical features of the Act of 1649 and the two long-preceding facts: (A) that Cecilius's father had returned to the religion of his ancestors; and (B) that his father had obtained the charter from a Protestant king. The connection does not seem clear, unless on some a priori assumption that being a Catholic Calvert, father or son, must necessarily have been intolerant, with which assumption we are not here concerned.

The fact of religious peace, between Protestants and Catholics, being both the spirit and the practice of the early colony, as long as the proprietary and his chosen associates held sway, is shown by the records, as well as by the traditions which lingered in the memory of Protestant Maryland as late as 1758. Moreover there is no record of any official persecution of anyone, Jew or Gentile, for religious beliefs or lack of beliefs, or of any such persecuting attitude on the part of the clergy of those days. How the Catholic proprietary regarded the repressive features of the Act, is shown by his reinstatement of Jacob Lumbrozo, the Jewish merchant who had been delated by zealots for alleged "blasphemy."

To ascribe to the founders, as some have done, mere mercenary motives is belied by the evident idealism which inspired the Maryland adventure.

To try to minimize, as again some few have attempted, this evident practice of toleration by ascribing it to the charter alone, its authors or grantors, is placing on the charter a weight of interpretation which that document, taken by itself, does not clearly sustain. Negatively tolerant—and deserving of great honor for that—the charter conferred upon the proprietary such quasi-regal powers and left such a degree of latitude in making religious restrictions that, with all regard to Catholic disabilities in the home country, he could have easily shown an intolerant or narrow-minded spirit if he had so wished. Yet, says the Presbyterian Irving Spence, from the institution of the government of Maryland "until the expulsion of the unfortunate James II from the British throne . . . the principle [of toleration] was not only recognized, but carried out in practice."

REV. JOHN LAFARGE, S.J.

IRISH EARLS AND IRISH CASTLES

Wanwatosa, Wis.

TO the Editor:—Some few days ago I read with surprised interest the article in the issue of January 22, 1930, Irish Earls and Irish Castles by Padraic Colum. Poets are often liable to be impressed and carried away with fancy at the expense of fact.

The real story of Pamela (the wife of Lord Edward Fitz-Gerald) obscure in its opening, tragic in its course, and mournful at its close, is a romance of real life, far more engaging than the given one based on hearsay and folklore.

The first picture we find of her is the one which has always hung in the galleries of Versailles called "La Leçon de Harpe." Her father was the duc de Chartres, afterward duc d'Orléans, not Philippe Egalité. This latter has, however, his name, among others on her marriage contract. Madame de Genlis, her mother, in her memoirs, attempts to hide her real identity (Pamela's) by a narrative of pretense to the effect that "Pamela," her natural daughter, was one "Nancy," the offspring of a Mr. Seymour, who had married (being an English gentleman of birth) against the consent of his family, a person of humble condition, named Mary Simms.

Madame de Genlis goes on to state, that upon agreement between "Mary Simms Seymour" and herself, they two went into the court of King's Bench, before Lord Chief Justice Mansfield (who, she says, also affixed his name and seal to the agreement) and according to the usual forms took "Pamela" as an apprentice, paying "Mrs. Seymour" (25) guineas to bind the contract.

Anyone familiar with the courts of England at that period (1777) knows that no agreement for the child's apprenticeship could have been made before Lord Mansfield, or signed or sealed by him, as Lord Chief Justice. A procedure of that nature was totally at variance with the practice of the law courts. In point of fact, no such interference by the Chief Justice or judges could occur, or did occur. Moreover, after a careful search among the records of the court of King's

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Bench, no such deed of agreement as that described by Madame de Genlis has been found.

Moore in the first edition of his life of Lord Edward FitzGerald said: "Pamela was the adopted, or as it may be said, without scruple, the actual daughter of Madame de Genlis, by the duc d'Orléans." This assertion is supported by the statement of Mademoiselle d'Epinay, daughter of one of Pamela's intimate friends. This belief prevailed at the time of Pamela's marriage, which is recorded in the Masonic Magazine for January, 1793: "The Honorable Lord FitzGerald, knight of the shire for the County Kildare, to Madame Pamela Capet, daughter of his royal highness the ci-devant duke of Orleans." Moore attempts to correct his earlier assertion by a note in a later edition of his work. The obscurity is furthered by Pamela's marriage contract, dated December 27, 1792. This document reads: "Edward FitzGerald, natif de Londres, fils du fen duc de Leinster, age de vingt-neuf ans, et Stephanie Caroline Anna Simms, connue sans le nom de Pamela, agée de dis-neuf ans, native de Londres, fille Guillaume Berkly et de Marie Simms." This marriage contract is signed by "Edward FitzGerald," "Pamela Simms," "L. Philippe Egalité," and others.

When the Constituent Assembly in France terminated its labors, Madame de Genlis, accompanied by Mademoiselle d'Orléans and Pamela, and attended by two deputies, Petion and Voidel, went to England. During this sojourn (1792) Pamela is said to have formed the acquaintance and won the admiration of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. On December 27 this same year, Pamela was married at Tourney to Lord Edward FitzGerald. Such are the details of the marriage, birth and parentage of Pamela.

After this union the couple enjoyed happiness up to the time of Lord Edward's death upon June 4, 1798. They dwelt first at Frescati, at Black Rock, near Dublin, and later either at Castletown, Carton or Leinster House.

On March 12, 1798, Mr. Swan, a magistrate of the county of Dublin, apprehended at the house of Oliver Bond, in Bridge Street, some of the leaders of the United Irishmen; but Lord Edward FitzGerald eluded pursuit and for some time lay in concealment. He was later taken in the same city. During the conflict of capture, both he and one Captain Ryan were mortally wounded. Moore gives a description of the dagger Lord Edward used in his death struggle, and at the Dublin Exhibition of 1872, a dagger was exhibited purporting to be the weapon in question. The very dagger, however, was stolen from Mr. Swan (deputy town major) by the son of an intimate friend and was, in 1837, in the possession of Emma Le Fann, wife of Lord William R. Le Fann, commissioner of public works in Ireland.

After the death of her husband, Pamela and her children were left dependent on the kindness of friends as a result of an English bill of attainder passed against the estate and goods of Lord Edward. In the year 1799 Pamela was a resident of Hamburg, where her means of existence were precarious and straitened. Here also she became acquainted with an American of the name of Pitcairn, a United States consul. Shortly after they married but neither happiness nor contentment resulted for Pamela. In 1820, Pamela, under the name of Lady FitzGerald, was living in obscurity at Toulouse, apart from her second husband. She survived her mother, Madame de Genlis, by eleven months, dying in the year 1831.

The official record of her death is to be found in the "Marie of the Premier Arrondissement of Paris"—"Du huit Novembre, mille huit cent trente un, a trois heures du soir.

"Acte de dècès de dame Anne Caroline Stephanie *Symes,* rentière, agée de cinquante sept ans, veuve en premier noces de Sieur Edward FitzGerald, et mariée en second noces a Sieur Joseph Pitcairn. La dite de functe née à nouvelle angleterre, et décédée a Paris, Rue Riche Janse, nombre 7, aujourd 'hui à midi dix minutes."

These facts are, I think, stranger than the fictions and folklore of the article.

EUGENE A. MORAN.

ABOLISH THE BAKERIES

Dorchester, Mass.

TO the Editor:—While everyone silently waits for the outcome of the London naval parley, we might while away the time by considering the almost forgotten subject of farm relief. If only the farmers of the South and West would tell us what they want!

We must not, however, misinterpret their diffidence: in their case silence is not consent; they may be too proud to beg. We owe them much, e.g., the firm establishment of morals as the exclusive concern of politics, and the resultant prosperity of the grape growers of California and the bootlegging and law-enforcing industries of the North and East.

That this prosperity is based upon a perversity of human nature which neglects the good things that are free, while seeking the evil things which are prohibited, disturbs not these farmers who bestowed upon us our new morals and our new prosperity. Were they less single-minded than they seem to be, they also might coin this perversity into fabulous wealth by including wheat, hogs and hominy in the mala prohibita, for do not men sin by eating as well as by drinking?

Let us then abolish the bakeries and we shall soon have a generation which knows not the taste of baker's bread, for the housewife will add to her accomplishments the illicit making of the home-baked article, and incidentally the unemployed could be drafted as moral policemen whose field of operations would not be limited to our border lines, but would extend to every cook-stove in the land.

CHRISTOPHER I. FITZGERALD.

MRS. MEYNELL'S VIEWS

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor:—Those of your readers who are interested in Mrs. Meynell's views may find in the following poem which she published in the Dublin Review soon after the United States had embarked upon the "noble experiment" some light upon her attitude at that time.

The Law of Prohibition

Yet are there nooks of vine
In little furtive vineyards that escape
The righteous law, and foster for its wine
The altar-destined grape?

In hiding, day by day,
In western suns the sweetened cluster fills,
As in the league-long vintage far away
On European hills.

Yet does the law abide.
Christ comes but to fulfil it, as before.
The wine within the chalice need not hide,
For it is wine no more.

LINDA MALEY O'HARA.

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THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Old Rascal

WILLIAM HODGE has stood for something quite definite in the American theatre—nothing very exalted on the artistic plane, perhaps, but something which, within its deliberate limits, was excellent entertainment and good characterization, something which caught the fancy of older people by its genial humor and captured the young by its broad comedy. It is really unfortunate that in the latest play he has written for himself, The Old Rascal, Mr. Hodge has sought to "modernize" his vehicle by the injection of a number of situations generally found only in the French farce and of others which lack even the justification of being necessary to the plot.

He has done this without attempting in any way to change his own perennial rôle of the man from "back home." This time he is old Judge Joe Adams, chin whiskers and all, on the loose in New York as a protest against the tyranny of his Anti-saloon League wife. He is, in fact, about to divorce his wife after thirty-nine years of married existence because, in her latest access of zeal, she has destroyed his valuable wine cellar. He further complains, in a unique legal document, that she has always refused to have children and has otherwise made a highly unsatisfactory wife. The Judge has recently inherited a fortune of $2,000,000, out of which he set aside $300,000, for his wife, only to have her bring the climax to tyranny by the above-mentioned liquor raid.

He is now ensconced in a luxurious hotel suite, with a valet and private secretary, both of whom turn out to be in league with the lawyers representing himself and his wife respectively. The plot of the play, such as it is, turns on the efforts of these lawyers to extract a million or so in blackmail from both the Judge and Mrs. Adams while pretending to serve the sacred interests of their clients. This involves a scene in which the Judge is administered knock-out drops, a girl is introduced into his room and bed, a photograph taken of the situation, and various suggestive complications worked out, from which the sting is supposedly removed by the fact of the judge's overwhelming innocence. The episode of a vagrant nephew is also introduced to spread the blackmail net a little further.

One can only lament the capitulation to the worst Broadway taste which this play involves. Except for the rural flavor emanating from Mr. Hodge himself, it is the kind of play one has learned to expect from A. H. Woods and David Belasco—only rendered a trifle more hypocritical by the efforts to combine rustic simplicity with obvious sophistication. Sponsored by any one of a dozen Broadway showmen, it would merit only the usual comment. Coming from Mr. Hodge, it has the added gravity of being a deliberately new twist. He knows—as few others—how totally unnecessary all this implied dirt is to the success of a good character play. (At the Bijou Theatre.)

Two Musicals

THE musical comedy season in New York has not been conspicuous for true brilliancy or originality. In fact, I have a very strong feeling that the next two or three years will see a pronounced drift toward the clever revues on the one hand and toward operettas on the other, leaving the musical comedy proper in a somewhat orphaned state.

Two examples of supposedly successful comedies—in the traditional sense—may help to illustrate the trend. Flying High (at George White's Apollo) has, theoretically, everything that this type of entertainment should have. But one emerges from the theatre conscious only of having seen some exceedingly vigorous and well-pointed dancing, and a great deal of exceedingly vulgar comedy on the part of Bert Lahr. The story is inept and unbelievable, as in most of the musicals, the lyrics are worse, and there is not a single evidence of originality throughout.

Clark and McCullough's latest show, Strike Up The Band (at the Times Square Theatre) makes an ambitious but futile attempt to resurrect the Gilbert and Sullivan spirit, both in plot and lyrics. To this extent, it merits some praise for its intentions. It is meant to be a broad satire on war and the way in which wars are supposedly engineered for business interests. But all the relentless brilliancy and sure technique of the Savoy partnership are lacking. The patter lyrics are reminiscent only in their form, and the sharp satire of the Gilbert method is sacrificed utterly by trying to give a slight illusion of reality. The characters are given realistic form in a modern setting to start the piece, and the extravaganza is accomplished through the outworn method of the dream—during which the millionaire imagines he is financing and conducting a war between the United States and Switzerland. The tourists fail to take an interest in the war, the overhead eats up all the expected profits, and troubles multiply to a point that makes the magnate—once he wakes up—take a new view of life. There is undoubtedly the germ of a brilliant travesty here but, as I have said, the quasi-realism spoils its effect. The Gilbert method of setting the story in another country, time and place left the author a free hand from the start. The audience was prepared to accept the most absurd developments as part of the fun, and the resultant unity of effect vastly heightened the satirical import.

The chances are that we have no authors at present of the Gilbert calibre—that is, no men who can do more than copy in a minor key the surface methods of an old formula. What we need is not a revival of the Gilbert and Sullivan method, but a rebirth of the animating spirit. Certainly the material for such work was never more abundant. Many of the Gilbert librettos deal with matters of purely British concern. But today almost every national question is of international concern—including even our lofty experiment in prohibition. Some of the subjects which cry aloud for adequate and universal treatment are the bootlegger aristocracy, the Nordic mania in all its grotesque ramifications, the peace conferences that are really conferences to lower the cost of wars, the making of a president or ruler, the mania for big business mergers, the activities of police censors, the demi-gods who engineer women's styles, the press-agented royalty of the few remaining kingdoms and the fantastic doctrine of the chicken in the pot as the foundation of a nation's spiritual life.

But since no writers of the calibre to handle such subjects have appeared on the horizon, it seems more likely that satire will concentrate in the brief topical revues which have been gaining consistently in excellence since the first Charlot revue visited these shores, and that the musical comedy will shift more and more toward the true operetta form. The world is still young enough to enjoy bold and vigorous romance in musical

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setting. But it is getting a trifle too old (at least, one hopes so) to tolerate much longer the miserable dribble which parades these days as musical comedy, with its silly two-act conventions, its sporadic and unconvincing plots, its tiresome plugging of a few songs, and its lavish expenditure of money surrounding mediocre talent.

Mamba

THE Tiffany studios have produced in Mamba what they claim to be the first all-color screen drama—a story of German East Africa just before and during the first days of the world war. It goes beyond the point of experiment and results in a highly satisfying and often thrilling melodrama in which the color process takes its rightful place as a means of heightening atmosphere and aiding in the full illusion of reality.

The theme of the story is far from new—the adventures of the delicate, bartered bride, coming from civilization to live with a despised husband in a hot outpost of the empire, and meeting on the way there a handsome officer who later on defends her against her husband. She finds her ultimate problem settled of course by a revolt of the natives in which the husband is killed. The theme has many similarities to Condemned to Devils Island and many other stories of the tropics. But its treatment is quite fresh, and the color and locale are new to the talking screen.

The point selected for the main setting of the drama is on the frontier between the German and British possessions. Officers of both armies exchange visits and hospitality. A certain rich and vulgar local planter who has made himself obnoxious to the whites by associating with native women, decides that the time has come for him to make an important marriage. He makes a large loan to a German nobleman, and demands and receives the hand of his daughter in exchange. The presence of this planter's bride in the colony forces the British and Germans to exchange civilities with him, but his brutality soon makes even this impossible. Matters come to an almost tragic climax when the war breaks out, followed by a revolt of the natives, once most of the soldiers have gone to the frontier. The planter is drafted into service, tries to escape, and falls into the hands of the natives who quickly takes their revenge for his many insults to their women. Then comes the attack on the slender German garrison by the infuriated blacks, and the ultimate rescue of the white settlers by the advancing British cavalry.

Material of this sort is ideally suited to the talking-color screen. I have often remarked that in the field of re-creating historical setting, the screen has no competitor. The stage, (except at prohibitive cost, and even then in only a small measure) cannot give the sense of cumulative action and rich outdoor atmosphere which is the peculiar province of the screen. Nothing is more ridiculous and disillusioning than the ordinary stage battle—a point well substantiated by the fact that our two most striking war plays, Journey's End and What Price Glory? keep all actual conflict entirely off-stage. But the screen can and does endow such themes with vivid reality. It is free to follow action everywhere and to draw on everything from the clouds to the sea-bottom for atmosphere. It is a prophecy perhaps worth making that representative or realistic drama will shift more and more to the new talking screen while the stage will become increasingly the province of the drama of ideas and individual character. Mamba, although trite in its essential idea, is bold and forceful in its story-telling, intriguing in its color and illusion, and powerful in its dramatic climax, an excellent example of the inherent value of the new medium.

BOOKS

After Lexington

The War of Independence: American Phase, by Claude H. Van Tyne. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin Company. $5.00.

PROFESSOR VAN TYNE of the University of Michigan, a recognized authority on the American Revolution and the author of acceptable volumes on the loyalists and on the causes of the Revolution, offers in The War of Independence a restudy of the period from Lexington to the coming of the French based upon recent monographs, E. C. Burnett's Letters of the Members of the Continental Congress, the English and French archives, the Library of Congress transcripts, and especially the Lord Germain and Sir Henry Clinton papers in the William L. Clements Library at Ann Arbor. A readable volume, if not a monumental work bristling with novel viewpoints and facts, has resulted from these laborious researches. The book will stand until new material becomes available or a new generation rewrites its own history. The tone is admirable. Few impartial men, British or American, will object to the interpretation, though Sons of the American Revolution may find portions as distasteful as a modern Tory would a study of the plantation system in Ireland. Another generation of Americans may actually boast of descent from immigrant ships. Yet anyone who looks forward to a future with fewer international misunderstandings and a growth of toleration must welcome candid history which replaces lessons in nationalism and the divine right of the state.

The Lexington fight is seen in its significance: gross charges of British atrocities, the rise of mob action, the enlistment of the Boston unemployed in the militia, the breaking down of British administration, the advance of new leaders, the destruction of Tory presses, the attack on loyalists, and the quill replaced by the sword. Loyalists and Patriots are described, and the rebel régime is seen as more despotic and powerful than kings' governors ever were. This a Delaware Tory learned when forced to recant his observation that he would "as lief be under a tyrannical king as a tyrannical commonwealth, especially if the d—d Presbyterians had the rule of it." If loyalists were Jacobites, the Patriot organization had some Jacobin characteristics. Seabury, later an Episcopalian bishop, observed, "If I must be unslaved let it be by a king at least and not by a parcel of upstart, lawless committee men." But the Patriot organization ruled even in Pennsylvania where the anti-English and hence patriotic Scotch-Irish outbid the Quaker aristocracy for control of the Dutch and hence of the colony.

Even at Bunker Hill, there was British pluck; and while the Patriots fought well, eye-witnesses saw parties of Yankees scurrying to the rear. Putnam was a man of courage but hardly "inspired by God Almighty with a military genius." Propaganda, which outdid Mr. Creel's late bureau, kept the faint-hearted warlike and fearful of reprisals in case of failure. Luckily Washington was made commander-in-chief, as politicians like Hancock were set aside. Concerning the raw militia there are the usual notes of criticism from the correspondence of Washington, and his chiefs. Montgomery thought the troops "exceedingly turbulent, even mutinous . . . the privates all generals." Schuyler observed that "the licentiousness of our troops is not easy to be described." Corrupt officers resigned when detected in returning false payrolls, and the returns from confiscated loyalist estates were not large. The author notes that social disease was not unknown. Certainly

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bigotry hurt the American cause in Quebec, and it took Washington to end Guy Fawkes's celebrations by the very men who now wanted to blow up James's anointed successor. Yet as unprepared as America was, England was scarcely more ready to subjugate a people so far removed and dwelling in such an extensive territory, as Dr. Van Tyne shows in illuminating chapters.

England was indeed divided. Trade was bad; yet despite unemployment, enlistments were slow. The poor were suspicious of the war; Presbyterian-Puritans, like the Irish and many Whigs, sympathized with the rebels; and merchants feared for their old trade and their uncollected debts. Inarticulate as the brutally treated poor of England were, their failure to respond made necessary the purchase of mercenaries and the outrageous men-snatching of "crimping gangs" in British ports to stimulate "enlistments" in the navy. In England, too, there were war profiteers who founded new families.

And thus the book continues with a good interpretation of the failure of the Howes, the slow growth of the spirit of independence, the self-sacrifice of the continentals, the valor of the Presbyterian Irish, not so long from the holds of flax ships returning from Derry or Newry, a commonplace account of Burgoyne's campaign, of the Congress and committees of correspondence, and some account of our relations with France leading up to the alliance. In the second volume no doubt diplomatic relations will be stressed as well as the direct and indirect European aid which made it possible for an American minority to win the Revolution.

RICHARD J. PURCELL.

Chain Stores and Ideals

The Passing of Normalcy, by Charles W. Wood. New York: B. C. Forbes. $3.00.

LET Mr. Charles W. Wood, the author, tell what his book, The Passing of Normalcy, is all about: "It is a book about human life in America and what the modern business developments are doing to it. It is a book about the reader and the reader's children and about what make them get that way. It is a book about his marriage and what is happening to it, and about his wife and what is happening to her; also about his church and his religion and his hope for a life beyond. It is also a book about art and culture and patriotism and sex and sin." It is also a book about Mr. Wood and what happened to him when he tried to enlighten the world about religion, the life hereafter, sex and sin. With $3,000 in his pockets he went to Marion, Ohio, and found all the necessary information on the influence of business in connection with all the important phases of life. He sat down one evening, thought the matter over, and decided that life was different than it used to be.

Mr. Wood decided, however, that he would write about this grand mutation in a semi-humorous vein. About a third of the book is so written, and then Mr. Wood forgets himself when he comes to write about his god—modern business. Bumping his head upon the hard ground he rhapsodizes, "that business, when it is operated upon the principle of service, constitutes just about the highest life there is." There follow cheers for the business man, more cheers for his methods, and most cheers for the civilization which the business man has brought to us. A great deal of this is slush. The moth balls are knocked off the "ideal of service," and it is lugged out and serenaded as if it had never been packed away among our souvenirs. Mr. Wood finds that, "someone discovered that business is service"; "stabilizing the steel industry was a greater service than the institution of public libraries"; "this machine age . . . created the most tender-hearted lot of successful folks in human history"; "big business demands of its leaders, at least, that they first of all be human," and so on.

In all charity it should be said that the extravagance of these claims is due to the fact that Mr. Wood is deadly serious when he talks about business, for to him there is nothing quite so important either here or hereafter. One may entertain doubts about the philanthropy of big business, about its leaders working their lives away in slavery for the benefit of mankind, about the overpowering desire of our great monopolists for increased wage scales for the workers, all of which Mr. Wood seems to believe in deep sincerity, but one may still have great respect for the author as a person who knows business and business trends.

When, however, Mr. Wood begins to tell us all about sex, "the churches," God, salvation, modern youth, marriage and birth control we feel that Mr. Wood, expert, has left the stage, presently to return wearing a fireman's helmet, a coat of mail and a hoop skirt. Somehow the habiliments do not become him. Among other things Mr. Wood finds that, "we must depend upon it [the new industrial life] also for our new spiritual life"; "industry is not explained to them [youth] in spiritual terms"; and "the machine has not been represented to them as holy." Should we tell Mr. Wood that there has been little place for either spirit or sanctity in a crushing machine age where greed has ruled and has been flattered with the name of service?

Mr. Wood admirably shows the growing dependence of one part of the world upon another—a portion of the book that might be read with profit by America's isolationists. The book in the main, however, has to do with chain stores; on that subject Mr. Wood speaks with certainty and conviction. His defense of chain-store expansion is a challenge to those who charge that this new merchandising system is undermining all business in the small community. On this modern economic problem the book is profitable reading. Thus encouraged, however, Mr. Wood should not proceed forthwith to give us a book on Why God Loves Chain Stores.

JEROME G. KERWIN.

One More Soldier

Goodbye to All That, by Robert Graves. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $3.00.

UP TO now, Robert Graves's work has been more promise than performance. Some of his books one remembers with disappointment, others with distaste, and only one with pleasure—Lars Porsena, a literary cul-de-sac. This autobiography is his first good book, and it is a very good one. It is neither apologia nor entertainment nor "foot-note to history": it is a catharsis. The author, that is to say, in order to walk from himself, has first to create the person he wishes to walk away from. Thus, goodby is frequently a word with which one introduces oneself to oneself.

This book divides itself naturally into three parts: prewar, war, and post-war. The first part might be read together with Evelyn Waugh's Decline and Fall, after which one need not bother very much about English school literature. One chapter (dealing with his German memories) is entirely beautiful, and is probably doomed to the more intelligent prose anthologies.

The second part, by its contrast with what is commonly con-

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Bancel La Farge
on
Sacred Painting

At the Pius X School of Liturgical Music Mr. Bancel La Farge will be the concluding speaker in the series of lectures on Sacred Art.

The work of Mr. La. Farge—fine examples of which can be found in the murals of the Church of the Blessed Sacrament, Providence, Rhode Island, and the mosaic decorations of the Chapel of Saint Charles College, Catonsville, Maryland—testify to the thoroughness with which he has studied religious art. Like Mr. Ralph Adams Cram, who preceded him in the series, he is one of the most successful in his chosen field. As one who has adapted mediaeval art to modern requirement without sacrifice of its beauty, he is eminently fitted as a lecturer on Sacred Painting.

Mr. La Farge's second lecture will be given on April 25. Since the capacity of the hall where the lectures will be held is small, reservations should be made early as tickets for the individual lectures are assigned in order of application.

All lectures are held in Pius X Hall, 130th Street and Convent Avenue, at 4.00 P.M. on the dates scheduled.

Tickets for each lecture, $2.00

Special Rates for Students upon Application

Application may be made to The Director of the Pius X School of Liturgical Music, Telephone Cathedral 1334—or to The Commonweal, Suit 4622, Grand Central Terminal New York City, Telephone Murray Hill 8581.

sidered good war literature, confirms one in certain conclusions about the latter. There has been an honest and natural desire to state exactly what did occur between 1914 and 1918 in terms, not of politics or strategy, but of mud and blood and disaster. We have been given on both sides the opinions and sufferings of private soldiers, sergeants and lieutenants, those overwhelming obscure who are the body of war. There have been two or three good, almost very good, books; but the extreme realism with which they treat their subject, tends, as their public grows more general, to turn that subject into the old abstraction of human suffering and heroism, which has been variously treated from Scamander to Sedan. And better treated, for the ax was not so large. Our modern war writers did not foresee that their propaganda, implicit or explicit, would awake this response from the public: "We shall continue *to take pleasure in hating war, so long as you allow us to enjoy* what makes us hate it." They did not see that to boxing, wrestling, fox-hunting, bull-fighting and other forms of Roman holiday, there would now be added a call for gladiators, nor did they foresee the wrapper of one English book which says, "This is better than a hundred German war stories," with the consequent threat of a European war of war books. And all because the public which needed a drench has been served with a diet.

Mr. Graves's catharsis might be this drench, for Goodbye to All That is a very bad *war* book by modern standards. One has, of course, to learn all over again how many oaths, how much rum, weariness, endurance, cowardice and courage go to make the adjective "epic." And his honesty, which has been called "sensational" but is merely honest, compels him to say what he thinks of quite a lot of people. But, to a reader who likes gladiators, this book lays itself open to the criticism that its style is rough, sometimes flat and frequently irrelevant. One observes, on the other hand, that the manner is exactly suited to the intention, and that the intention is exactly fulfilled. This intention, of course, was not to re-create a stench, a pool of blood or a pile of corpses, but a person. Mr. Graves's continuity is not one of events but of Mr. Graves: there is a personal order in all his evasions, departures, irrelevancies: they are the measure of how dull the book would have been had it been written by anyone else.

GEORGE DANGERFIELD.

A Sturdy Commodore

Commodore David Porter: 1780-1843, by Archibald Douglas Turnbull. New York: The Century Company. $3.50.

AMERICANS should be grateful for this biography of one of the early builders of our navy. Wherever fighting history was being made there Commodore David Porter was in the van and his achievements, based on a fundamental love of the flag, transcended the victories of war with the more permanent and happy diffusion of peace and progress. Cast in a different environment Porter would have made an excellent and resourceful pirate. Instead he became one of piracy's greatest enemies as he was the enemy of any that sought to interfere with the shipping of his country. He sensed war with England long before 1812 since he himself had been made the victim of English empressement of American seamen, and he understood the necessity of an adequate navy long before the government was ready to do anything toward constructing or acquiring men-of-war. Accustomed to command and to act effectively and immediately in exigencies, he had only contempt for bureaucracy. His history was colored with the elements of that

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struggle, and posterity, although it must admit he had right with him, could wish that he had been more submissive in order to accomplish greater good. On the other hand the dignity of the flag of the United States was protected by Porter's "interpretation" of departmental orders.

This phase of his character is vividly developed by his present biographer. Archibald Douglas Turnbull is no blind hero worshiper despite the fact that his sympathies are always with the Commodore. This impartiality is one of the finest qualities of the book. It is only surpassed by the excellence of the descriptions of marine engagements and adventure. The story of Porter and the Essex in the Pacific makes brave, glamorous reading. But the differences between Porter on sea and Porter on land are unhappily the differences between Mr. Turnbull when describing a naval hero and a citizen of the United States. He does not succeed in half-lights; action is his métier. In consequence one side—it is true, the historically more important side—of Porter's character is emphasized and the other thrust into obscurity. It may readily be, however, that this was the author's intention since Porter, when he was not treading the decks or scourging outlawry, was very much the caged and discontented lion.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

Dogma and Doubt

The Living Mind, by Warner Fite. New York: The Dial Press. $3.50.

A PROFESSOR of philosophy is rarely a philosopher. But there are indications in this volume which suggest that Professor Warner Fite might have been a philosopher had he not chosen to be a journalist. We have here a series of articles reprinted in book form. All but one of them first saw the light beween the years 1908 and 1918, in one or another of a half-dozen American periodicals. The one exception is an introductory essay on Consciousness—What Is It? from which the reader learns, inter alia, that there runs through the subsequent chapters "a rather definite trend of motive or convergence upon one all-comprehensive question. The central topic . . . is mind or consciousness."

Some of the chapter headings have a forbidding aspect; e.g., The Agent and the Observer, Intellectualism, Eucken's Philosophy of Life, Pragmatism and Truth. But the book is not a compilation of technical studies in philosophy. Even where the subject-matter is abstruse, the author writes entertainingly, keeping up his reader's interest by excursions into literature, art and music. Professor Fite deals with weighty matters but his touch is light. An up-to-date reader of this type of literature may find one or two of the essays a wee bit stale and musty. Fashions in philosophy change so rapidly in these days! Nevertheless, the dominant theme of the book is still actual. It is the problem of the preservation of human dignity, through a recognition of mind and conscious life, against the inroads of materialistically minded scientists who would make of man a mechanical robot after the likeness of Judson Herrick's human automaton. Psychology and psychologists get a rather severe drubbing at our author's hands for attempting to reduce to scientific laws the elusive behavior of animals and men. Psychoanalysis, he concedes, may be an art (not a fine art nor even a very respectable kind of art to cultivate) but its claim to scientific status is sheer buncombe. Advertising as a field for psychological study, experimental research on psychophysical processes and the whole method and procedure of behaviorism get scant sympathy from this champion of con-

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NEXT WEEK

Paul Scheffer, whose intimate knowledge of Soviet Russia is based on years of experience in Moscow as correspondent of the Berliner Tageblatt, has sent us a paper describing what he saw there. It is a document of true historic importance. . . . The most interesting situation which labor in America confronts is to be seen in the South. Broadus Mitchell, in A NEW VOICE IN THE SOUTH, argues that the American Federation of Labor, in its attempt to organize the textile industries there, has two obstacles to overcome: the inferiority complex of the employees and the superiority complex of the employers. "The issue is now fairly drawn between an outworn tradition and the new need for workers' representation." . . . The third selection from René Fülöp-Miller's THE KINGDOM OF GOD IN PARAGUAY will conclude the description of the state formed by the Jesuits in South America. This last passage recounts the conquest of the Indians by the Spanish and Portugese. . . . Father Vincent C. Donovan has succinctly stated the underlying reasons for the Church's selection of plainchant in an article, THE SPIRIT OF GREGORIAN CHANT. "The Church with her deep insight and her burning zeal, uses as an integral part of her worship the most emotional, yet most intangible, of the arts to generate an idea, thus through beauty to impel society to goodness and truth." . . . Many of our readers enjoyed Cuthbert Wright's Vaugirard and we can promise them equal pleasure in his succeeding article, THE SECRET OF SOLESMES. . . . And, although Charles Morrow Wilson's THE RENAISSANCE OF DIGNITY has been crowded out of the last several issues, it will positively be included in this one.

sciousness. Psychologists are not, however, the only offenders. Ethicians and economists as well as philosophers receive their respective quota of criticism. The prestige of pundits does not prevent our author from poking fun at them. "A Platonic realist shaking his fist at a cigar-store Indian" is a rather picturesque description of Mr. Bertrand Russell fuming against fate.

Professor Fite takes up his position on the ground of a humanistic theory of life supported by an appeal to the everyday, common-sense opinions of his fellow-men. On the wrapper of this volume its author is described as "a doubter among dogmatists, a cautious Socrates in philosophical circles where the blind seek to lead the blind." But our doubting author slips a little surreptitious dogmatism into his discussion of pragmatism and a still bigger dose of it into his essay on Birth Control. The hand that wrote so discriminatingly on Eucken, Schiller and Russell had lost some of its cunning when it penned this article for the International Journal of Ethics. The writer bluntly asserts that "the summum bonum of self-conscious beings . . . consists in the cultivation of personal humanity through personal relations." (Socratic caution!) That is, perhaps, the highest ideal a humanist may hold up to humanity. To assert it, however, is to be dogmatic. Not that a little healthy dogmatism is out of place in philosophy today when doubt and indifference to logic reap harvests of sterility. But, as Carlyle to Ruskin, one may be dogmatic and right where another is dogmatic and wrong.

GERALD B. PHELAN.

Donne and 1930

The City of Canals, by Evan Morgan. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Company, Limited. 6 Shillings.

THE Eel was, to employ the diction of a hypothetical modern young woman, a "bang-up" poem; and one turns to its author's present volume with the eager hope that something like it may have been included. A measure of disappointment is, therefore, attendant upon one's first reading through a volume which associates varying moods and styles without attaining to immediately impressive originality. But if one looks more closely, both a personality and a method of unusual virility are revealed.

Sir Evan's spirit is, perhaps, meditative first of all, but he clothes his meditations in images and rhythms which are never tactless and humdrum. Having set out to dwell in Elizabethan company, the companionship of Donne has had its evident effect; but the tenor of every line is modern, in tune with our present spiritual yearning and the attendant divine answer we are given. For a certain curious abruptness of conception and harmony the reader must be prepared. This poetry is counterpoint rather than melodic line. How complex are its moods may perhaps be guessed from the following excerpt of four lines:

> We murmured with the wandering Israelite,
> This crown would rob us of the world's delight.
> Hid in the shadow of the Golden Calf
> Some one amongst us heard the tempter laugh!

Here is a book unfailingly conscious of the antithesis between sin and regeneration, between light and darkness. That it remains, however, the work of an artist is proved not merely by the poems themselves but also by the introduction, worth reading for its own sake.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

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Act of Faith

The Shepherd of Weepingwold, by Enid Dinnis. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $2.00.

A CHARACTER novel by Enid Dinnis is at least an incident in Catholic literature; in fact, this entrancing new story of hers comes close to being an event. To go on a pilgrimage one usually makes elaborate preparations; but this pilgrimage to mediaeval England requires only one happy-hearted act of faith. Surely, if he had not had great faith, that poor little Brother Kit, wrested from the security of his monastery and, despite the fact that he was not very bright, made into a priest and sent to take care of the very bad sheep of Weepingwold—surely he could never have said his first holy Mass so well. Of course he knew he was not really saying it. Some One else did it for him; the Some One Who likes little childlike persons such as Brother Kit—or rather, according to his new dignity, Sir Christopher; the Some One Who was glad that tears were shed when vile sinners went to confession even if they were shed on the wrong side of the screen; the Some One Who got help in the difficult task of making men do penance for their sins, even if the fasting were done and the discipline were taken by a little priest who had no sins to expiate.

And surely, without knowing rather intimately that "chastely cold Lady Faith," Brother Kit could never have espoused so entirely that warm and vibrant Lady Charity; for these ladies are really mother and daughter so long as they must live in this world. But there—one is so anxious to talk about the little Shepherd as to neglect mention of the other interesting persons in the story and the excellent complication of the narrative, which is almost a plot.

SISTER M. ELEANORE.

Against the Pavement

Young Man of Manhattan, by Katharine Brush. New York: Farrar and Rinehart, Incorporated. $2.00.

TOBY is a chivalrous gentleman of the press, a sports writer with the germ of the novelist in him; Ann is a newspaper woman supplying the daily trickle for a movie column. The story swings from the rafters of vicarious newspaper life with its assignments to St. Petersburg with the Yanks and Corona knees in the Yankee Stadium. The plot, of the intangible fabric of character rather than of action, is sharp with journalistic encounters, and the supplementary characters have the dash and stride of a latest edition.

After five days' courtship, Toby and Ann are married. They lead the lives of newspaper folk, tearing around town on stories, loaning one another for dancing partners, getting better acquainted at noon breakfasts. When Ann argues that each should have "dates" as safety-valves against boredom, the story takes its first curve of plot. Toby becomes juicy with sentiment on a "date" with a young siren, "Puff" Randolph, also too disposed toward the flask; distrust brews in Ann, who confines her "dates" to collegiates in 'coon coats, and she leaves Toby for Hollywood. Toby loves Ann; when she deserts him he suffers collapsing remorse. Liquor shakes his self-respect and endangers his job. Follows the climax when the trail of romance leads to a satisfying and logical conclusion.

Characterization is Miss Brush's star virtue. Toby and Ann was warmly real. So is the bilious blonde, "Puff." So is Shorty, with his wink for show girls. Dialogue is colloquial, breezy, neatly trimmed to the requirements of character.

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Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared John F. McCormick, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE COMMONWEAL and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

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Briefer Mention

The Anatomy of Music, by Winthrop Parkhurst. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

WHAT can a book tell you about music? Mr. Parkhurst answers, correctly and beneficently we believe, that it can explain the structure upon which the great composer's tapestry of sound is based. His book is a well-written, conscientious exposition of the scale, the principles of musical anatomy and such relatively intricate developments as counterpoint. It is, to the present reviewer's harassed mind, the only treatise on music which does not assume infinite comprehension on the part of the reader. Though Mr. Parkhurst, in his enthusiasm, may stress the importance of musical theory somewhat unduly, he has striven valiantly to combat the heresy that melody is nothing more than a source of ear pleasure. The book can therefore be warmly recommended to all who are awakening to the importance of music through the kind instrumentality of the radio and the phonograph. If we were a musicians' union we should be tempted to order a thousand copies and distribute them as strategically as possible. For the quarrel is not with the talkie or the radio but with public inability to behold the universe of harmony with earnest intelligence.

The Night Club Mystery, by Elizabeth Jordan. New York: The Century Company. $2.00.

INGREDIENTS from the Rothstein murder case, George M. Cohan's Gambling and John Halifax: Gentlemen have been thoroughly mixed to produce The Night Club Mystery. Like John Halifax, its hero, Barry Cabot, is sans peur et sans reproche; like the Rothstein case its murder is over a card table and the only witnesses, gamblers, refuse to talk; and, like Gambling, one is not particularly interested in the identity of the murderer but in the successful outcome of Cabot's love affair with Janet Stone. Good attention is given to authenticity of setting and dialogue.

The American Peace Crusade: 1815-1860, by Earle Eugene Curti. Durham, North Carolina: Duke University Press. $3.50.

The Growth of International Thought, by F. Melian Stawell. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.25.

Ameria Looks Abroad, by Paul M. Mazur. New York: The Viking Press. $3.00.

THESE books, each very good in its own way, have been referred to editorially in the present issue. They form valuable additions to the literature of modern internationalism.

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